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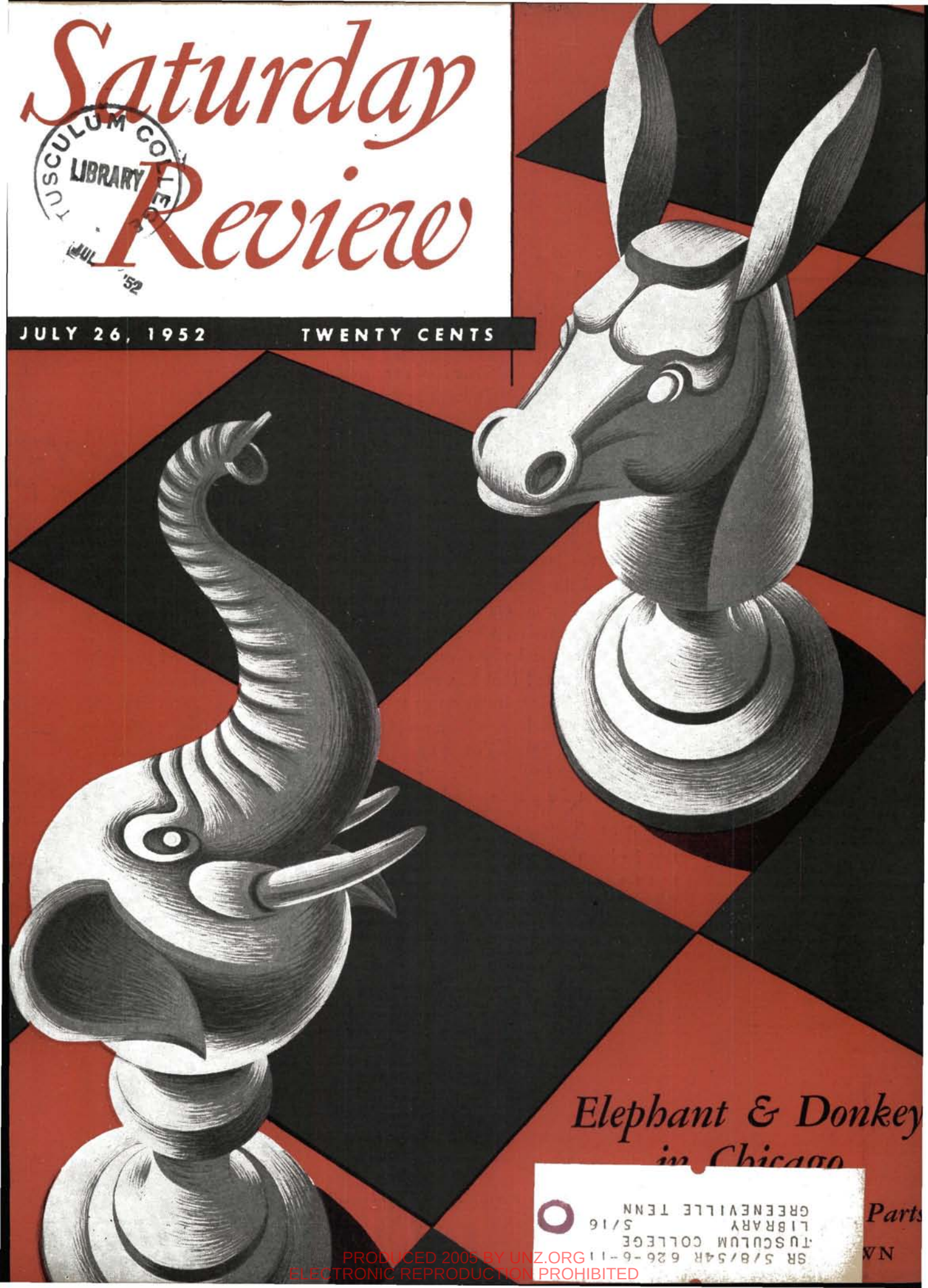

Elephant & Donkey in Chicago

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The Saturday Review

JULY 26, 1952

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 30, July 26, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

ANECDOTAGE

ONE OF *TIDE* MAGAZINE'S far-flung correspondents uncovered the kind of persistent salesman publishers have been looking for near the trans-Jordan border in Syria not long ago. No sooner had he stepped out of his car at the inspection station than a small boy popped up and offered to get him a bottle of ice-cold American beer for twenty cents. No fool he, the correspondent produced the twenty cents, the urchin produced the bottle, and disappeared. The "ice-cold American beer" turned out to be a nauseating mixture of lukewarm sugarwater. Soon the little boy reappeared and asked to have the bottle back. The correspondent told him where to go—in no uncertain terms.

"I'll sell you the bottle for an extra dime," suggested the boy. "Beat it," screamed the correspondent, "or I'll call a policeman." "For a dime," the boy assured him, "I'll call the cop for you." When this got him nowhere, the boy changed his tune to, "All right, gimme a dime and I'll let you alone altogether." By this time the correspondent was incoherent with rage. He hurled the bottle in the general direction of the small boy's noggin.

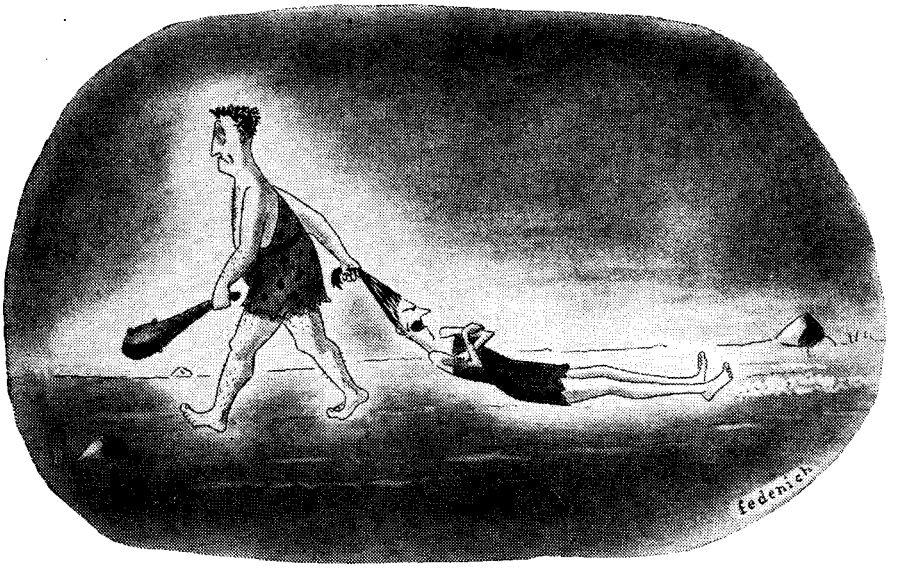
The young Syrian ducked, smiled contentedly, picked up the bottle, recovered the cap—and sauntered away to wait for the next tourist.

THE RORSCHACH TEST is widely used by psychiatrists today to get an insight into the mentality and personality of new patients. The Test consists of a series of cards, with different abstract designs thereon, which are shown to the patients one by one. The patient must report what each design suggests to him, and from his answers, sometimes short, sometimes wandering on longer than a sentence by William Faulkner, the experienced analyst can draw a number of pertinent conclusions. The test is named after its Swiss inventor, Dr. Hermann Rohrschach. There comes from the Bronx the story of one analyst who decided to use the Rohrschach test on a troublesome new case. He flashed the first card on the bewildered patient and asked quietly, "What does this design suggest to you?" The patient peered at it a moment, then begged, "Look, Doctor, we both went to P.S. 46, didn't we? Give me a hint!"

A loyal Texan ran into difficulties recently, too, in Houston. He phoned Carl Victor Little to explain, "I'm boasting to a circus feller from New York about the midgets we got down here in Texas—and I can't figger out whether to say we got the tallest midgets or the smallest midgets!" . . . Sheilah Graham has solved Hollywood's dilemma, however. "All they have to do to make movies better is to shoot less film and more actors."

JOHN STRALEY, editor of the *Bawl Street Journal*, tells of a kindly Cadillac owner who spied the driver of an old model-T Ford in difficulties at a roadside and offered to tow him to the nearest garage. Along the way, he forgot all about his tow, and ran his speed up to ninety miles an hour with the Ford careening madly in his wake. A State trooper set out in pursuit but was soon outdistanced. He phoned a sidekick twenty miles ahead, and warned, "Get the driver of a green Cadillac coming your way. I'll bet he's doing over a hundred." "Okay," was the reply. "And that isn't all," added the first trooper. "I don't expect you to believe me, but there's a loon in a model-T Ford right behind that Cadillac, blowing his horn like crazy and trying to pass." . . . Speaking of speedsters, they tell of one who began life as an unwanted child but overcame his handicap. By the time he was nineteen he was wanted in twenty-four states. . . . An applicant for a driver's license was asked by the examiner, "What would you do if the driver of a car ahead moved an arm sharply up and down?" Asked the cagey applicant, "Man or woman?" . . . A member of the Alexander Woollcotterie has revived the story of the day Moss Hart drove up in his new machine. "What outlandish mode of vehicle might that be?" sneered Woollcott. "That," said Hart loftily, "is my new town car." "And the town, I presume," said Woollcott, "is Pompeii."

ANTAL DORATI, BRILLIANT conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, made his first American tour under the auspices of a penny-pinching impresario who overlooked no opportunity to cut down the overhead. Just before one concert in Pittsburgh, Dorati discovered that the second oboe player was no longer among those present. When he protested bitterly to the impresario, he was told, "Forget it, my boy. Expenses are heavy—and nobody ever bought a ticket to a concert to hear a second oboe!" . . . A famous singer had dined—and wined—too well when he encountered at the door to his home an old-fashioned organ grinder and his monkey. He listened enraptured to the wheezy tune, then confided to the organ grinder, "You're a genuine artist, my boy. You play like an angel. But for Pete's sake, even if that accompanist of yours is a relative, get rid of him!" . . . The way Mrs. Jascha Heifetz tells it, her distinguished husband was dining with Mischa Elman one evening, when the maitre d'hotel put a note on their table addressed to "The world's greatest violinist." Each protested on a rather hollow tone, of course, that the note was intended for the other, but finally they agreed to open it together. It began, "Dear Fritz Kreisler." . . . A reminder from Iturbi:



". . . watch those small stones . . . don't turn so quick . . . you're going too fast . . ."

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"Even a Stradivarius needs tuning from time to time."

AT THE COFFEE HOUSE CLUB, Tom Costain told the story of the artist whose lovely young model complained one day that the studio was too cold for posing in the nude. "That's all right with me," agreed the artist. "I don't feel like painting today anyhow. Sit down and have a cup of coffee and a sandwich with me." Some minutes later he heard a determined pounding on the door. "Quick," he commanded the model. "Get your clothes off! It's my wife!" . . . A distinguished portrait painter in Tokyo volunteered to visit an Army hospital and entertain the wounded men by drawing pictures of them. "I'm such a bad speaker," he complained, "I won't know quite how to start the ball rolling." "Tell them where you come from," suggested a nurse. "One of the boys probably will turn out to have come from there, too —or somewhere near by, and the ice will be broken." The painter accepted her suggestion and announced, "Hello, fellows. I hail from Philadelphia." All was silence, so he tried again: "I came through Hollywood on my way out here." Once more there was no response. He had just gasped desperately, "Does anybody here hail from Chicago?" when the nurse flagged him. "I'm sorry," she hissed, "but you're in the wrong ward. These men are Chinese prisoners."

BEFORE LEAVING FOR ABROAD, Edna Ferber went to a dinner party at the home of a publisher who has a ten-year-old son. Near midnight, she sauntered into a back room in search of a glass of water and was astonished to encounter the boy examining the titles of some books on a library shelf. She was about to hustle off to tell the publisher just what she thought of allowing a ten-year-old, fully dressed, to go wandering through the house at all hours of the night when the boy turned to her with a disarming smile and said, "You're Edna Ferber, aren't you? My name is Truman Capote."

—BENNETT CERF

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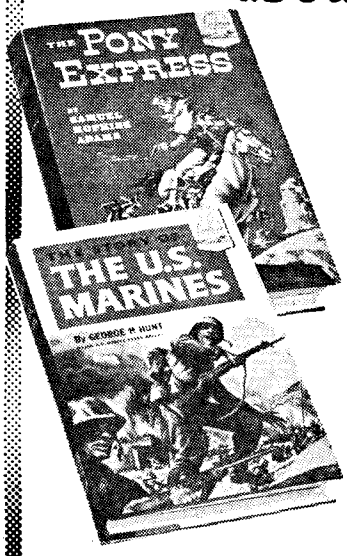

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The Saturday Review

JULY 26, 1952

Elephant & Donkey in Chicago

A Circus-Drama in Two Acts

JOHN MASON BROWN

John Mason Brown

CHICAGO.

A NATIONAL convention, as the Republicans have demonstrated in Chicago and as the Democrats are also bound to prove, is one of the oddest institutions known to men and women enjoying the right to vote. Although nowadays it can be attended in one's own home by means of television, it really has to be seen on the spot in order to be believed, and even then believing is sometimes difficult.

Unmentioned and unanticipated by the Constitution, a national convention is such a mountain of paradoxes that it must be described in images as mixed as its own contradictions. It is at once a decisive instrument of history and a rattle in the hands of grown-ups who are determined to outdo backward children in their behavior. It is a Mardi Gras carnival which, on the basis of appearances, deludes the novice into believing that a slaphappy Rex and his court have been granted the awesome responsibility of shaping the future.

A convention is a notion-salesman's paradise, a huckster's heaven, an exhibitionist's dream world, and a windbag's delight. It stoops to many of the juvenile high jinks of a college reunion. Its outward temper is that of a Shriners' convention, a jamboree of the American Legion, and a mass meeting of the Salvation Army. Wherever one is being held, there for the moment is the center of the corn belt. And such corn! Not Country Gentleman, not Golden Bantam, not field corn, but the kind of corn so sheathed in bunting and buttered with patriotic and party bromides that soap operas would reject it and Fourth-of-July orators of a century back would have hesitated to dish it out.

The proceedings of a convention seem at first to have no other purpose than to waste time. Its program moves so slowly that it appears to be drawn up solely to torment the spectators, to test the endurance of the delegates, and to guarantee that the visitors who have crowded into the sponsoring city will remain there long enough to pay back the large sum that the city, its hotel men, its merchants, its restaurateurs, and its hotspot operators have put up for the proud privilege of being hosts.

Certainly at the Republican Convention there were enough singers on hand to provide Rudolf Bing with a company, enough clergymen of various faiths to convert the Moslem world, and enough secondary speakers to fill New York's Town Hall schedule for a year. Most of these lesser orators delivered the same speech, a poor speech to begin with and one which can scarcely be said to have gained in interest, since the majority of those who parroted it showed no aptitude for speaking. Their sole gift was for clichés, and for these they displayed a talent amounting to genius. It must be remembered, however, that these bush-league Ciceros were not chosen to outdo Bryan but to appeal to November's voters by including representatives of as many races, creeds, and sections as possible, regardless of the tedium created in July.

Does a national convention seem to reduce brains to buttons, wisdom to wind, and fairness to puerile invective? Does it appear to substitute noise for reason, careening parades for issues squarely met, and slogans for sense? All these things it does do, and against all such Mad-Hatter aspects sober-minded citizens have railed ineffectually over the decades.

BUT do not be fooled by appearances. A convention, as the Republicans have shown, can have its memorable features. What is confusing about it is that it reverses the practice of families cursed with daffy members. Instead of hiding, so to speak, its mentally backward indoors, it plants them in rocking chairs on the front porch and keeps its wise men and vital business secreted most of the time from the public gaze behind closed shutters.

If a convention can be the dullest of hippodromes, it can also be the most exciting of dramas. It may be an imperfect sounding board for the voice of the people. Yet the thunder of the people's voice in all its many regional accents has a way of making itself heard. It can drown out the noise of steamrollers and rise above the most sinister whirrings of a party machine.

In spite of its faults and lunacies a national convention is as American as hot dogs and hamburgers, blue jeans and baseball, or, for that matter, Walt Whitman, Eddie Guest, and Will Rogers. It is a patriotic charivari

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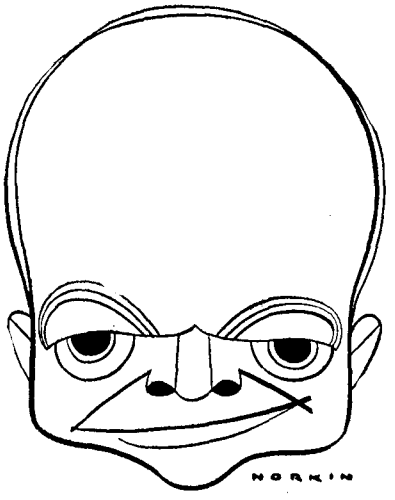


Dwight D. Eisenhower

in which the oldest participants return to their own youth and America's, too. Although its boredom can be great, the encouragement—even the pride—it generates can be greater still, indeed as great as the tensions of its sudden moments of conflict or the awful suspense of the balloting.

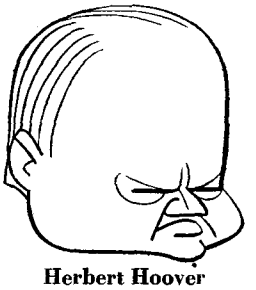
The boos and howls, the cheers and chants, the insults and mass demonstrations of the Republicans would have been frightening if, plainly, the love of party and country had not been so much stronger than the strongest devotion to particular candidates. Except for a few drunks and one psychopath, those in the hall did their fighting with speeches, banners, music, and jokes. They may have been as raucous at Hitler's Brownshirts at Nuremberg. But there the similarity ended.

The men and women who composed this crowd had neither surrendered their freedom nor lost their sense of humor. They met as a free people who, though they had their heroes, did not have their Fuehrers. They were partisans rather than zealots. Their violent faith in their candidates did not prevent them from being good losers. As their hopes dwindled, as their buttons and placards began to disappear, they may have been heartbroken at first, and in some instances heartbroken to the point of tears. Their disappointment may have been followed by sullenness and gloom. Yet they soon resigned themselves to the majority's will and cheerfully forgot the dissensions which only a few hours back had inflamed them.

NOTWITHSTANDING its expected Barnum-and-Bailey trimmings and its many tiresome hours, the Republican Convention had its thrilling moments of pure theatre which no one will forget. It was a fight as well as a circus, and a circus in which the sideshow for a while stole the show. Spectators and delegates alike could not avoid the sense of being present at the making of history. The sharp cleavages in opinion and principle dividing the various contestants had long been known and stated with mounting acrimony. Rumors were everywhere; so were plots and counterplots, charges and countercharges.

The Elephant that invaded the cool and comfortable International Amphitheatre in the stockyard area of Chicago seemed at first to be very tired and venerable. Though still capable of trumpeting thunderous blasts, he showed the fondness of the aged for looking backward.

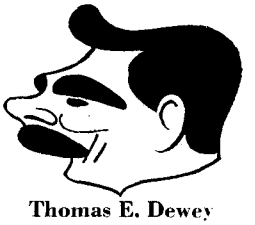
Robert A. Taft



Herbert Hoover

Douglas MacArthur

Everett Dirksen



Thomas E. Dewey

Richard Nixon

It soon became clear that this Elephant not only thought in the past but was living in the past, too. As the retired will, he resented what had happened since he had last closed his rolltop desk in public office. He had not occupied the White House for twenty years. The period intervening, which he had found interminable, had been so jet-paced in the race of events that most people, even the youngest and most agile-minded, had been unable to keep up with their mad succession of events and the ever-changing climate of their needs and thinking.

For the first day or so spectators must have been convinced that this elderly pachyderm was monarch of all he surveyed. The Old Guard was leading him and appeared to have him under complete control. The convention was Taft-rigged. Apparently it was under the invincible dominion of a pro-Taft National Committee. This committee, sincere and ardent in its convictions, had apportioned the seats, controlled the assignment of hotel accommodations, and planned the program which was to sway, if not entertain, the delegates. Although Lot's wife was not listed among the party representatives, she must have been present as an alternate.

The first prominent evening speaker was the keynoter, General MacArthur, who had already declared himself for Taft. His appearance at the Monday night session was one of the electrifying events of the convention. A tingling sense of expectancy gripped the auditorium. A swarm of policemen supplemented the sergeants-at-arms in clearing the center aisle. Everyone was standing long before the general made his entrance. He did not need the committee appointed to accompany him to that jutting gray platform which, as it divided the press

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section and rose to a rostrum, bore a faint resemblance to a surfaced submarine.

MacArthur moved forward, escorted by the history he has made. Although he wore a blue suit, he was still in uniform to those gratefully aware of what they owe him. A proconsul returning to Rome in the glory of a triumph could not have received or deserved a greater ovation than greeted him as a general.

Then he spoke, a handsome bald eagle of a man. Yet among the twelve thousand in the auditorium there were many not idolaters who found their admiration mixed with apprehension. Knowing his special brand of eloquence and fearing the dynamite of his personality, they wondered if his speech would not ignite the convention and establish him as a runaway dark horse, should the well-laid plans of the Taft organization go astray. Their worries were groundless. Although MacArthur had the advantage of presenting the first major indictment of the Administration, within the first ten minutes his voice made clear that his was the speech of a tired man. By the time he had finished it was no less clear that an old general had faded away as a Presidential possibility, but by no means as a backstage threat at the convention.

The next evening Herbert Hoover was the speaker. Instead of striding down the center aisle like a conqueror, he edged his way civilian-wise to the rostrum from the rear of the platform. He stood there under the blinding lights, the party's elder statesman. He was manifestly touched by the ovation he received and touching as a figure long excoriated not for what he had done to history but for what history had done to him.

Looking very much like the ex-chairman of the board of a great corporation, he spoke mainly in terms of "ex's." So far, at least in the big speeches heard in the hall, it must have seemed to many of those present or listening at home that the Elephant was an ancient of ancients, if not a museum specimen. On the basis of these two addresses, it began to look as if the Thirties rather than the thirties were just around the corner.

Matters were not helped from the liberal or progressive point of view when the Taft strategists, who ran the show, presented McCarthy the next afternoon. Nor did the standing and tumultuous ovation he received add to the Republicans' prestige or popular appeal. McCarthy's presence was a miscalculated risk, not because he has failed to render some needed services but because of the dangerous, demagogic, irresponsible, undemocratic, and terrifying means he has employed to get them done. "McCarthyism" is scarcely a beckoning word.

But luckily, long before the convention met, everyone knew that the old Elephant was not the only Elephant to symbolize the Republican Party in Chicago. Another one was in the arena, young, quick in his thinking, rejoicing in his strength, eager to do battle, and ready to fight to the finish. He was the aggressive representative of the younger Republicans, the men like Lodge, Brownell, and Dewey who wanted the Grand Old Party, that was no longer grand, to become the Grand New Party.

The methods, questionable when not malodorous, employed by Taft's lieutenants in deciding which of the delegates from Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, and Texas were to be seated, handed the supporters of Eisenhower a formidable weapon. They used it brilliantly. A sign of weakening, a single concession, and their cause might have been lost.

FOR anyone in the Amphitheatre the surest storm warning that something exciting was about to happen always came from the press section. When dull speakers were proving how dull

(*Continued on page 30*)

—Culver Service.

A Republican National Convention of yesteryear—"a huckster's heaven, an exhibitionist's dream world, and a windbag's delight."

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Fiction. Time was, and it was not so long ago, that Americans were reluctant to read the work of any novelist whose native tongue was not English. During the Twenties the then young house of Knopf made a start toward breaking down this prejudice when it introduced such relatively unfamiliar names as Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, and Ivan Bunin. By the Thirties most of the important European writers were being published in this country by many houses, yet not until the past decade did the publishers feel that prejudice against "foreign novelists" was sufficiently dissipated to make it a regular practice to print translators' names on title pages. Alberto Moravia, probably the best known of the postwar Italian writers, has a disappointing new entry, "The Fancy Dress Party" (below), while "Heaven on Earth" (page 11) is the work of a newcomer, Carlo Coccioli. The publication here of such a fine Brazilian novel as Machado De Assis's "Epitaph of a Small Winner" (below) is a very welcome if belated event.

De Assis—"no legacy of misery."

"A Short Life Is Not Bitter..."

EPITAPH OF A SMALL WINNER. By Machado De Assis. Translated by William L. Grossman. New York: Noonday Press. 223 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

IF one did not remember pessimism's long and honorable history, he might be inclined to deny the factual evidence that Machado De Assis's "Epitaph of a Small Winner" was first published seventy-two years ago. In many ways, this novel by an underprivileged mulatto who became one of Brazil's foremost writers reads like the work of an exceptionally literate sad young man of our day. But the restraint in De Assis's bitterness and the tone of light banter by which it is often conveyed are welcomely inappropriate to the years presumably hastening towards George Orwell's 1984.

"Epitaph of a Small Winner" is supposed to be the story of his life Braz Cubas wrote after his death. His posthumous autobiography has, as he tells us, the frankness appropriate to the dead and the frankness is communicated by a structure and a style that is both loose and informal, as though he were writing in his "shirtsleeves and suspenders, like a person who does not care what the lady who lives across the street, or even the policeman on the block, may think of him."

Appropriately enough, since it is his most immediate recollection, Braz Cubas starts with his death—supposedly caused by pneumonia but really the result of his neglect of himself while he was dominated by the fixed idea of inventing an "anti-melancholy plaster, designed to relieve the despondency of mankind." From this point the book meanders around in time with a methodical lack of method worthy of De Assis's master, Sterne. Cubas tells of his two affairs with women, his excursions into politics, his un-Wordsworthean childhood when he delighted in annoying every one he could, his years as a disciple of Humanitism, which purports to prove that "envy is a virtue" and that there's more to be said for Pangloss than Voltaire did.

Interspersed within the incidents or in chapters whimsically entitled "Concerning Shoes" or "The Tip of the Nose," there are deviations from the narrative that develops Cuba's pessimistic philosophy. "Man is a thinking Erratum" dominated by Egoism, careless about the cruelty he does to others, capable of achieving social peace and order only occasionally "at the cost of reciprocal deceit." The best one can do in life is to have no children so that he, like Braz Cubas, does not transmit "the legacy of our misery."

All of this is familiar enough, yet De Assis has somehow managed to make "Epitaph of a Small Winner" both original and delightful. Although the frequent gaiety of his wit and the voluptuousness with which he greets despair often prevent us from taking him as seriously as I think he intended to be, and although there are occasions when he imitates Sterne too slavishly, nevertheless this novel makes one think about the human condition that has altered so unremarkably since 1880 and hope that more of his books will be introduced into this country, where he is almost unknown. The translation by Dr. William Grossman is colloquial and fluent and the illustrative drawings by Shari Frisch are admirably appropriate to the tone of the book.

Palazzo Pranks

THE FANCY DRESS PARTY. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 299 *pp.* $5.

By Harrison Smith

ALBERTO Moravia's novels have appealed to many readers in this country who found a certain fascination in his complex and devious Italian characters, his courtesans, repellent Fascists, and police agents, his sadistic and homosexual youths presumably produced by the years of war and revolution. They are chameleons changing their colors to escape observation, or lizards shedding their skins because it pleases them to do so or to conceal their true natures. In "The Conformist," published last November, a Moravian character who in his youth was a homocidal degenerate assumes the appearance of a conventional public official and marries the daughter of his superior, a seemingly modest and chaste young woman, who has had homosexual relations with a friend and has been for years the mistress of an apparently respectable and elderly family lawyer.

Moravia's delight in schizophrenics, his ability to concoct ingenious plots based on abnormality is best expressed in his own words which might serve to describe his latest book: "In this obscene and reeling world these ambiguous figures of men-women and women-men whose ambiguity, when they met, has mingled and redoubled, seem to hint at some meaning which in itself is also am-

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biguous." In his previous novels there has been at least an illusion of momentary solidity, as the surface of a bottomless morass may have the appearance of solid ground. But in "The Fancy Dress Party" confusion is twice confounded; if it hints at some meaning concealed beneath its ambiguity, this reader, after seeking for it diligently, has failed to discover it. It is difficult to know whether it is fantasy, political satire, or ironic entertainment or what was the author's purpose in inventing the complex conspiracy around which his characters revolved against a background as unreal and rococco as a seventeenth-century comedy.

General Tereso Arango is the stern dictator of an unnamed South American country whose population had been decimated by years of civil war. His chief of police, whose bloody oppression had brought a measure of tranquility, knows he is about to be dismissed. The General is induced to visit the vast country estate of the aging Duchess of Gorina, who hopes to have the honor of his presence at a fancy dress ball. The bait offered him is the amorous and beautiful Countess Fausta, whom he believes to be a virtuous woman but who is a nymphomaniac whose price for surrendering to the General is a lucrative government position for her brother. The Chief of Police engages his subtlest and most ruthless assistant, a man named Terro who has a face like a mask of colored wax and eyes "like those of ancient statues that have stones for pupils," the personification of many of Moravia's dangerous and ambiguous characters.

The little world which Moravia's characters inhabit in this novel seems to have unreality as its fourth dimension. This childish conspiracy is surrounded by sinister people who could exist only in fantasy. The celebrated Duchess is a harridan who can be embraced by any of her servants. A second conspiracy complicates the simple conception of frightening the dictator with a bomb, for Terro is aided by a man who has been led to believe that he is a part of a revolutionary movement which does not actually exist. He is willing to die or to kill for an illusory cause. In the end he murders Faustina, whose body is found on the dictator's bed soon after the General has discovered her infidelity and has ordered the guests to assemble for her wedding with a servant. Moravia neatly turns the ceremony into a bizarre funeral attended by a multitude of guests in their fancy costumes. When the bomb is taken away, the reader is conscious that the novel has ended without the explosion he has been waiting for.

The City's Rural Lanes

SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS. By Dawn Powell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 213 pp. $3.

By William Peden

ALTHOUGH this is Dawn Powell's first published collection of short stories, her fiction has appeared in many American magazines including *Collier's, Cosmopolitan, The New Yorker,* and *Story.* Miss Powell is a versatile and accomplished professional; in addition to her stories and several novels, she has written successfully for the theatre (one of her plays was a Theatre Guild production), for the screen, for radio, and for television. She is a skilled performer who seldom misses a trick or drops a stitch. "Sunday, Monday and Always" is a welcome rarity in today's book world, a volume of humorous short stories.

With very few exceptions, Miss Powell's characters are one-dimensional, skilfully-manipulated figures who undergo very little change or growth. Characters like the little old lady who is an "intense observer of life, waiting rapaciously for it to creep out of its hole." Or the bore Deenie, a finishing school athlete, the kind of person who orders tea in a fashionable cocktail lounge and then loudly reprimands the waiter (the one you have tried to impress for several months) because the water is lukewarm. Or the young suburban wife who justifies her lack of education by reminding herself that two years of high school are "about enough . . . you get the best of it by then."

Miss Powell's people are definitely urban types: big operators from Seventh Avenue wondering where the next shakedown is coming from; beautyshop attendants who support complaining, unglamorous husbands in walk-up, coldwater apartments; cultivated deadbeats victimizing restless, middle-aged women who endlessly and blindly search for their kicks. These wanderers through the canyons of New York, which is Miss Powell's favorite setting, are, on the surface, furiously sophisticated and determinedly cosmopolitan. But the author flecks them gently but constantly with her whip of recognition. Beneath their facades of boredom and suavity, her people are naive, provincial, and essentially rather decent human beings. The author seldom flogs or flays them. She likes them, and is kind to them.

This tolerant attitude toward human foibles is the basis of Miss Powell's humor. She has the saving ability of being entertaining without becoming trivial. Or she can develop a serious situation without being unduly solemn. Even when she takes a potentially tragic dilemma—such as that of the immaculate and frustrated Velma of "The Grand March" or the very erudite and civilized Miss Chilton of "Here Today, Gone Tomorrow"—she is concerned with the comedy rather than the tragedy of the situation. All of these stories, whether they be little more than light sketches or more ambitiously developed stories with serious overtones and undertones, are deftly and expertly put together. They are like a good, long, mixed drink, skilfully made and refreshingly welcome during the warm months, but not to be indulged in too often after the cold weather sets in.

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Fiction Notes

HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Carlo Coccioli. Translated by Frances Frenaye. Prentice-Hall. $3.50. If a sense of the dramatic could carry a novel, "Heaven and Earth" would leave little to be desired, for the theme of this story is the struggling of a priest from the late Twenties of Fascist Italy to the Partisan activity of World War II to free himself from a Christianity in which men are no more than pawns in the war between God and Satan. Towards the close of his life, Don Ardito resolves his struggle, attains to a vision of Christianity as the obligation to love all men, confesses to and dies for killings he did not commit. Many, not peasants or pious women alone, look upon him as a saint.

The novel does not come off. If biographies of historical saints often cannot climb out of a morass of banality, slickness, and insincere emotionalism, it is no surprise if a biography of a fictitious saint runs into similar difficulties. Not that this novel falls into the phony ineffable or plaster of paris school of sanctity. Quite the contrary. The author makes the problem of the modern Catholic attitude toward Satanism, poverty, and nationalism the solid, well-defined, and tangible understructure of the novel. But the problems do only that: provide an understructure. Solutions are either nebulous or non-existent. The novel, then, will probably be criticized by orthodox theologians for heretical Modernist tendencies; by general readers for undefined solutions to very definable problems. The ideas seem to have been skimmed for their most obvious dramatic possibilities.

The author's treatment of Satanism and poverty is an example of this weakness. Don Ardito's decision to become a priest came after he experienced the reality of Satan in a case of diabolical possession. That dreadful experience led him to a Brand-like type of Christianity in which Satan, effectively, was as powerful as God, and in which men merited salvation through fear of Satan. The poor were to delight in their poverty because they would have fewer temptations than the rich. Those were the opinions held by the young Don Ardito, until a tragedy caused him to leave his mountain village, and try to exorcise his fear of the Devil with knowledge, to become a "modern priest" by devoting himself to "pure knowledge." He is a fabulous success, and writes profound books. This is the most hollow point of the novel. He is still desperately unhappy, however, and after more tragedies, what he considers to be providential signs lead him to return to his village and martyrdom. What is his ultimate attitude toward Satan? It isn't stated. What is it towards the poor? It is necessary to love the sins of the poor as well as the poor themselves. Humor never lessens the solemnity of this work.

—Serge Hughes.

Carlo Coccioli—"humor and solemnity."

TO END THE NIGHT. By Alex Gaby. David McKay. $2.75. This is a form of the suspense tale in which the protagonist wanders about, usually amid exotic surroundings, trying to clarify the circumstances surrounding a death. Since the demise in this instance is the inexplicable suicide of the hero's wife, "To End the Night" might be classified as a *why*dunnit. Mr. Gaby's unhappy widower, whom he never refers to by name, suffers an intense feeling of guilt over the passing of his young wife, and returns to her birthplace in El Paso in an attempt to regain his equilibrium. He has a week's leave from his job in New York; he employs it in trying to reconstruct the details of his wife's early history, hoping thereby to throw some light on her motivation. Naturally, he meets with hostility, which serves to compound his misery. He shunts between El Paso and Juarez, revisiting the scenes of his courtship, interviewing acquaintances and ex-friends, drinking too much, and discovering little that improves his morale.

"To End the Night" succeeds in generating considerable excitement. Considered purely as a novel of suspense, it is a good thing of its kind. But Mr. Gaby promises a better novel than the one that finally emerges, and in this he disappoints the reader. His hero devotes much space to soul-searching interior monologues, building up the reader's expectation for a more complex solution of the problem than that which ultimately is offered. At the end, Mr. Gaby provides a denouement completely external to the psychological relationship of his characters. This serves to end the novel neatly, but it robs most of the previous introspection of any real meaning.

—Martin Levin.

Nancy Mitford—"insouciance . . . grim."

PIGEON PIE. By Nancy Mitford. British Book Centre, New York. $2.50. This cream-puff of a novel first appeared in England in 1940 and was, Miss Mitford says, one of the first casualties of the war. That fate is easily understood. Miss Mitford applied her gift for farcical situation, macabre humor, outlandish caricature, and killing wit to the war. Suppose, she asks you to suppose, one of those utterly mad, irresponsible, and supposedly captivating hedonists, in whom Miss Mitford delights, should get herself tangled with enemy spies and propaganda as well as with the daily routine of a first-aid station, blackouts, blitz bombs, and the other hazards of war. The result is not nearly as hilarious as Miss Mitford had evidently hoped. All the requisites are here: the wild characters, the witty writing, etc. The trouble is the naughtiness doesn't look quite so nice set against the background of a war that even Miss Mitford's insouciance couldn't make less than grim.

THE EARLY FROST. By Clare Jaynes. Random House. $3. The writing duo which goes by the name of Clare Jaynes has taken up in this latest collaboration the problem of

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Faraway Places. Just a month ago, upon the basis of some books lately published, we opined that men of the Atomic Age anxious to get away from it all were favoring frigid climes as the locale of their dreams. We opined too hastily. Here are some new books, all intended to gratify men surfeited with civilization, which suggest that there are those who favor the high seas for escape: the Indian Ocean in Alan Villier's "Monsoon Seas" (below), the Atlantic edging France and Portugal in George Millar's "A White Boat from England" (page 13), and the Hebridean Sea in Gavin Maxwell's "Harpoon Venture" (page 14). These follow a well-worn literary tradition: as L. Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley establish in "Lands Beyond" (page 15), a history of dream worlds down through the ages, "the lands beyond" usually have been across or in the middle of the seas. Only one writer finds escape on land—John Sack who describes an ascent of the Peruvian mountain Yerupaja in "The Butcher" (page 15).

Bay of the Great South

MONSOON SEAS: The Story of the Indian Ocean. By Alan Villiers. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 337 pp. $4.75.

By Robert Payne

OF ALL the great seas the Indian Ocean must be the most pleasant to write about, for it lies on the frontiers of legend. The deep blueness of the ocean, the incandescence of its waters, the strange winds that blow across it, the very shape of this sea with its two northern prongs embedded in Asia, the sheer length of the African hothouse on one side and the enchanted spice island on the other, all these are enough to turn a man's head. I suspect that the Atlantic was invented by a vengeful God, the Pacific by naval intelligence, and the Mediterranean by historians. Only a poet of prodigious powers could have invented the Indian Ocean. No one who has sailed it ever quite recovers from its blazing sunrises and still more blazing sunsets, or from the serene blue of the waters when they are calm. This blue is everywhere. I have seen the same blue off Djibuti which I saw months later off the coast of the island of Bali, and the great harbor at Colombo is filled with the same serene color, and though you will not find it off Calcutta or Rangoon, you will find it nearly everywhere else. All the way from Africa to the Spice Islands this color accompanies you, reminding you that if the rivers of Asia are holy, then the sea they fall into is holier still.

Alan Villiers, who has sailed the Indian Ocean in everything from an Arab dhow to an iron tub of a landing craft, is perfectly aware of the strangeness inevitable to his story. He has tales to tell which are never quite credible, because the ocean itself is never quite credible. Sindbad the Sailor reported that he saw full-grown elephants fed to some white-winged birds on an island in the Indian Ocean which may have been Madagascar. Shall we believe him? But there are stranger things than elephants fed to birds in this ocean: there are times when the sea inexplicably turns into a milky, dazzling light, and other times when ghostly galleons appear, and there are strange maelstroms in the south, and who will deny even now that there is unbelievable splendor of wealth on the shores of this ocean? The Indian Ocean is only another name for the fabulous East, which remains fabulous even though we are tired of being told so.

Alan Villiers—milk and maelstroms.

But where to begin? There are so many stories and legends to tell, so many adventurers to track down, so many speculations to make that Villiers has some difficulty getting into stride. You cannot write about an ocean from a fixed perspective. You must go from island to island, from coast to coast, from trading route to trading route, and from one age to another.

So Villiers begins casually and grimly with a sketch of the Andaman Islands. I should have thought this was the last place to begin, for these islands with their green forests and stockades filled with Indian prisoners, mostly murderers, hint at the menace which lies concealed in these seas. He hurries to Ceylon, and tells the story of how tea was invented by an old monk who wanted to keep awake during seven years of contemplation, and nearly slept his life away; happily, some tea-leaves fell into his water-cup, and he was watchful to the end. Ceylon he rates the most beautiful of islands: a permissible exaggeration, for he seems to have spent little time in Bali. An inveterate storyteller, he recounts more tales about Mauritius, Reunion, and Rodriguez, and thirty more islands, but Villiers is only warming up. Indeed, his preliminary skirmish with the islands is something of a nuisance.

When he comes to describe the great Arab trading posts and the sea-empire they flung across the ocean, excitement enters the story. He has traveled with Arabs off the coast of Africa, and knows them well. He knows their history, and suspects they were the first real seamen. He hazards the guess that they will also be the last, for sailing ships will probably still be sailing the Indian Ocean when the rest of the world is powered by atomic piles, and Arabs will be in command of them. Of Vasco da Gama, whose papers he has studied in Lisbon, he writes learnedly and with passion—his study of the great conquistador is a model of what a short biography should be. He passes the Portuguese, Dutch, and British empires over the Indian Ocean under review. He finds little to say in favor of Dutch colonization and notes how John Company had the seeds of disaster in it from the

Robert Payne has written fiction, personal history, political comment, and biography mostly concerning the East. Among his books are "Forever China" and "Torrents of Spring," and "Zero: The Story of Terrorism."

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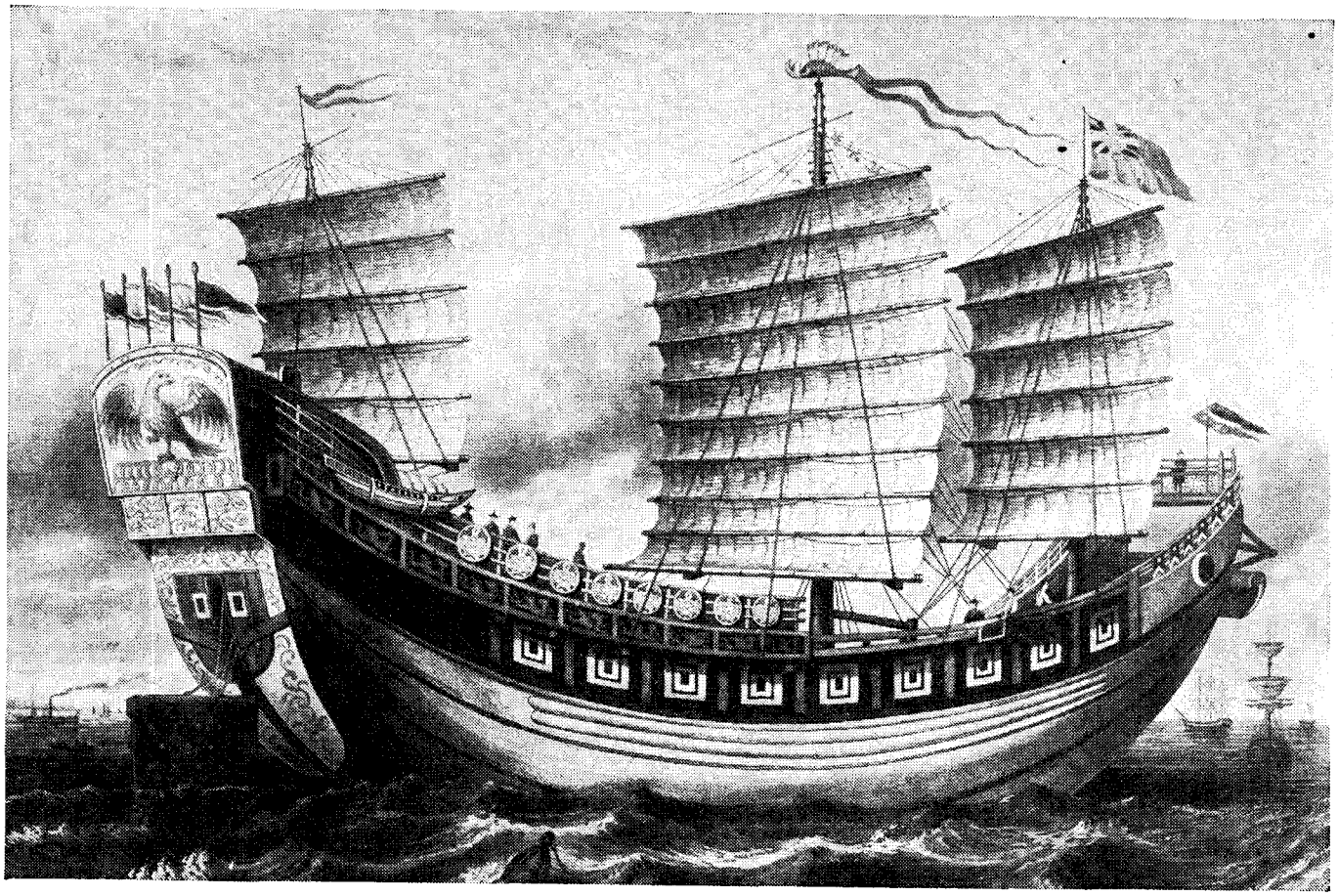

—*From "Monsoon Seas."*

Chinese junk that sailed to Europe—"from concubines to shipwrecks."

beginning. Of the Portuguese he is more respectful, and in two sentences from the papers of Da Gama he illuminates the whole tragedy of colonization. Da Gama had acquired an Arab pilot. "We are coming to share in trade and to spread our faith, but not to conquer," Da Gama explained. The pilot answered: "You will find that you will have to conquer whether you wish it or not."

For the rest the book is a wonderful hodge-podge of stories, some culled from other books and others from the lore of the ocean. The extraordinary story of Houtman's Abrolhos, a piece to set beside "Benito Cereno," is told at length, and followed by the adventures of Alexander Hare, an old lecher who conveyed a boat-load of concubines round the eastern seas until he reached the Cocos-Keelings. There disaster befell the concubines. One story leads to another. Villiers goes from concubines to shipwrecks and from shipwrecks to the great armada which would, but for the grace of an early victory, have been let loose on Singapore, and from there to—. But the stories are endless, and it is like sitting with an old sailor on the fo'c'sle deck at night while the mast swings gently. In this day and age there are few pleasures greater than listening to a sailor telling his tales of the sea.

The Sea Was a Relation

A WHITE BOAT FROM ENGLAND. By George Millar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 345 pp. $3.50.

By Everett S. Allen

HOWEVER unexpected it may seem, one emerges from the leisurely pages of George Millar's writings uncommonly sensitive to a Chaucerian aura. The familiar mellow mantle, in an embodiment of iced white wine, the smoke of nutty shag, and bold laughter, lies comfortably over these paragraphs of world traveling. And the result is like meeting an old friend in a far-away place.

In essence, Mr. Millar describes the manner in which he and his wife, Isabel, sailed their graceful, 16-ton sloop, *Serica,* from England around the coasts of Spain and Portugal and into the Mediterranean. In actuality, however, the story is a bright little pageant of people, carefully fashioned with a gratifying discernment. Moreover, although *Serica* and her crew are always present, they interject themselves, like well-trained butlers, only when there is a purpose to be served.

The voyage, rather than being a central theme, is a vehicle linking episodes ashore. Although *Serica* might be called a yacht, her cruise from Lymington to the Riviera is not a "practical" book on yachting; it is far too creative. Nor is her skipper, though overly-modest, a top-notch mariner. Thus, the yarn spun here is not for the sea-going precisionist, who must forever be holystoning and tinkering with the sheets to measure the wind's eye in millimeters.

It is instead a story of comfortable comings and goings, of people and their talk, and occasionally of jousts with the elements. What the Millars sought was economical travel, leisurely accomplished; they have procured as well a collection of sensitively-drawn vignettes from the paradoxical Europe of post-World War II.

With a few deft lines, Millar draws the people of the ports, big and little, who reign in crisp officialdom, cast their nets for spending tourists, or claw the tired soil and deceptive seas for their livelihood. Here, pupils of a girls' school hurl garbage and rocks in a feud with an irate villager; a dying old man asks to see the visiting "yachtsmen Brittanique,"

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and a Spaniard rises breathlessly to the defense of Franco. Again, the son of a murderer becomes a village symbol—and in Portugal's Povoa de Varzim, one asks, "Can it be true that you British have sold radar to the Bolsheviks?"

"Very likely," says Millar.

Gourmets will find stimulating references, both liquid and solid, in nature; Mr. Millar is not one to begrudge a chunky paragraph to French butter and related subjects. The eating and drinking, like layers in a sandwich, may be discovered nestling happily among tramcars, bull fights, Dorchester fox hunting, a few charlatans, brass buttons of policemen, and barefoot boys.

For the skeptics, if any, Mr. Millar confesses that only in the matter of ordering wine "am I anything of a sailor." Nor does he neglect the occasions on which matters went quite wrong. Seasickness, theft, misjudgment, minor groundings, and a roaring levante in the Gibraltar Straits subjected them to the adverse experiences which most sea-going yachtsmen undergo sooner or later.

But this is much more than a tale of pleasure cruising. It is a sensitive account of two travelers and of the fellow pilgrims whose paths they crossed.

That Elusive, Floating Gold

HARPOON VENTURE. By Gavin Maxwell. New York: Viking Press. 304 pp. $4.75.

By Raymond Holden

THE Hebrides have been, especially since the late war, somewhat overshadowed in the minds of Americans —of other than Scottish descent—by the New Hebrides. Even Boswell's remarkable and revealing "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" was more personal than geographical. Gavin Maxwell is a Scot, not at all like Boswell, who puts the Hebrides on the map in a manner which many readers who have never heard either of Dr. Johnson or his young friend, may long remember.

Northeastern Scotland is the home of a civilization which is everywhere old and nowhere new. It is, geologically, also old. Here the earth carries the kind of face which seems likely to have worn out several bodies. Perhaps that is what the face of the region of which Mr. Maxwell tells has done. The face is the sea, and the sea is relatively unchanged.

When Boswell and his arrogant friend—Boswell's family seems to have regarded Johnson as a rather opinionated schoolteacher—visited the Hebrides there were, no doubt, in the lochs and sea passages quantities of great fish unrecognized as the great fish it was. The basking shark is a fish, not a sea-serpent as it has sometimes been supposed to be. It runs up to forty feet in length and to as much as ten tons.

Major Maxwell, who served in the defense of London during World War II made up his mind to retire, after the surrender of Germany, to the Hebrides and spend the rest of his life there. Although he was able to buy an island—the island of Soay, lying like a small pat of butter south of the great loaf of Skye—some means of livelihood was necessary. Enter the basking shark whose liver is crammed full of high-priced, health-giving, oils and minerals and happily weighs, in a thirty-foot fish, close to a ton. The Major turned out to be far from the traditional canny Scot and his organization of the Island of Soay Shark Fisheries, Ltd., left something to be desired commercially if not romantically. The enterprise for several years provided much fun, more worry, and no profit and finally fell, of its own weight, into the hands of a large corporation.

The Major, however, had had his experience and his taste of exaltation. His adventures with his fleet of small vessels—his hearty and good-hearted crew, and with his sense of the poetry of the wild and unusual—must have seemed to him well worth what they cost him. Fortunately he is a very presentable writer. He makes the seasons on the bright and violent waters of the Minch and the Hebridean Sea seem alive and shining, the lochs and their cliffs and hills seem full of myth and mystery, and the people of the islands appear as fascinating as common men can be. He also contributes a great deal to the natural history of the basking shark and as much to our knowledge of how to harpoon them. No doubt the liver of this huge creature will continue to be an article of commerce but it will reach the market without the bonus of that Maxwellian distillation of beauty and exaltation, terror and tumult with which this good book is crammed. What the Major lacks as a businessman and a zoologist he makes up for as a storyteller and he need not be criticized for a few slips—he gives a misleading, if not positively incorrect, definition of plankton, the food of his sharks—when he gives the reader so much.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SELF-FENDING SMALL FRY

Many characters of literary note were snatched from parental care by a cruel fate, according to Jean Creighton and Margaret Valentine, of Hamburg, New York. From the descriptions of the manner in which their circumstances were suddenly altered while they were still small children, readers are asked to identify them and to name the story or author. Answers on page 32.

1. After the coach in which she was riding with her mother and servants had been driven into the sea, this pretty little girl was snatched out of the water by a member of a robber band.
2. This baby boy toddled into a wolf's cave after his father and mother had been attacked by a tiger.
3. Denied by her royal father, this infant girl was stranded on a wild shore by a liege man of the king.
4. A band of traveling Mormons rescued from an "arid and repulsive" desert this five-year-old girl and one man, sole survivors of a caravan.
5. Moments after he was born in the work house, this baby boy's mother died, leaving him to the tender mercies of "the parish."
6. This sallow-faced little girl was discovered alone in the living quarters of an Indian Army post, her parents having died of cholera and the servants having fled in terror.
7. Having been left in the care of a nurse, this girl was stolen by gypsies, and then, when grown up, was sold back to her father as a slave.
8. This baby boy was discovered between the sheets of a country squire's bed when that gentleman rose from his bed-time prayers.
9. At the age of one week, this boy abandoned his mother for the pleasures of garden life; returning home later, he found the way barred.
10. This young man admitted that, as a baby, he had been found in a large black leather handbag in the cloak room of a London railway station.

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Wily Wilds

LANDS BEYOND. By L. Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley. New York: Rinehart & Co. 329 pp. $4.75.

By Glenn Negley

TALES of exploration and adventure, of strange lands and exotic peoples, comprise one of the largest segments of our literature. Nowhere has the tendency to fanciful exaggeration been so liberally indulged, and in no other field has the storyteller been favored with such a will to believe on the part of his receptive audiences. Nine of the legends which exhibit a melange of fiction, fancy, and fact of lands unknown are examined in this work. The selection of a manageable portion from the vast amount of primary and secondary material available must of necessity be somewhat arbitrary; De Camp and Ley do some violence to the continuity and coherence of their presentation with a superfluity of details which, while sometimes intrinsically amusing, are often irrelevant and trivial in the context.

Atlantis is the classic "land beyond"; the myth is examined here as it was told by Plato. The conclusion of the authors is that Plato used the Atlantis myth to fictionalize his ideal state, and that he probably modeled Atlantis on the ancient town of Tartessos. The "Odyssey" is examined in some detail with respect to the possible real geographical location of these lands of fiction, but trying to trace the itinerary of the ubiquitous Odysseus on a contemporary map is to extend fiction to fancy. These two legends are presented as illustrative of the fact that at this period the unknown "beyond" was to the West; with the expansion of the Roman Empire, the locus of the eternally fascinating "beyond" was transferred to "the fabulous East." Pliny's "Natural History" is the source for some of the marvels and tall tales associated with the wonderland of the East, and the revival of this interest in the twelfth century is illustrated by reference to the German metrical romance "Herzog Ernst von Schwaben."

The adventures of Sindbad the Sailor are treated as another example of the use of a borrowed vehicle to convey anecdote, fable, and fantasy, representative not so much of Arabic literature as of thirteenth-century exploitation of the unknown Land Beyond to the East. A brief chapter discusses the possible prototype of Prester John, a mythical Christian king of Asia who purportedly sent letters in 1165 to the three most powerful rulers of Europe, and thus precipitated a fanciful quest for the locale of his kingdom. Speculation about the fate of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel has added generously to the confusion and fantasy of geographical and ethnological myth. On the positive side of the contribution of myth and legend, a particularly good chapter describes

—*From "Lands Beyond."*

The Sciapode in the shade of his foot—"a borrowed vehicle."

the stimulation to cartography and exploration of the general belief in *Terra australis incognita*, the wandering continent. Famed El Dorado is a legend of more recent vintage, and it is brought up to date by the notation of the authors of a report in 1951 on the fate of Colonel Fawcett and his 1924 expedition into the interior of South America.

It is undeniable that tales of lands beyond not only served for amusement or titillation, but also encouraged exploration and discovery. It was somewhat disappointing that the promise of the introduction to this volume, that this would be the story of exploration "from the point of view of what people wanted or hoped to find," is not at all realized; the admission of the epilogue is nearer the truth, that this is a tale of "subjective geography"—the geography of the fearsome imagination.

The authors are identified on the jacket as "science writers." Mr. Ley is, of course, the well-known expert on rockets; and if he will just get along with his work in that field, there will soon be at hand an inexhaustible source of supply for the construction of new lands beyond.

Glenn Negley, author of the recently published "Quest for Utopia," is chairman of the philosophy department of Duke University.

A Heavy Hand

THE BUTCHER: The Ascent of Yerupaja. By John Sack. New York: Rinehart & Co. 213 pp. $3.50.

By Ferdinand C. Lane

THIS is a spirited account of the ascent of Yerupaja, "The Butcher," one of the giant peaks of the Peruvian Andes, by an expedition of six college students, while a seventh, the author, acted as scribe. Although all were amateur mountain climbers, their project was termed "fantastic" by professionals. Yet youthful enthusiasm overcame all difficulties. These began with selecting and transporting three-quarters of a ton of equipment and supplies. At Lima the adventurers encountered the polite procrastination from customs officials and others which prevails in that Land of Mañana. The truck which bore them across the desert into the mountains broke down in a valley infested with the deadly Verruga fever. In the squalid villages of the interior obtaining mules involved dealings with rascally natives. The party suffered from mountain sickness, and several members were incapacitated by fevers. Yet camps were established at progressively higher altitudes, High Camp 18,800 feet above sea level. Bad weather intervened and ambition ebbed with laborious breathing, digestive upsets, and mental lassitude.

At length, on July 31, 1950, two members of the expedition began the assault. They were Dave Harragh, president of the Stanford Alpine Club, and Jim Maxwell, president of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. Above them loomed the summit "dragon backed," its slopes of forty to sixty degrees, occasionally eighty, masked by overhanging cornices of ice and snow. A deep crevasse in one of these provided a route beset with perils. Both men nearly fell through the bottom but gained the upper ridge some twenty-five feet wide cumbered with snow pellets hard as marbles. Groping through clouds they reached the pinnacle around 5:00 P.M., and from that height of 21,769 feet enjoyed a fleeting panorama of grandeur. On the return a thousand tons of ice gave way and Jim braced himself on the very edge as Dave dangled at the end of 120 feet of nylon rope. Though his chest was painfully crushed, he worked his way slowly to the top, and, slightly delirious, staggered on. Again the cornice collapsed at Jim's

Ferdinand C. Lane is the author of "The Story of Mountains."

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feet. Winds grew unbearable as temperatures sank to ten degrees below zero. The men sought shelter in the dangerous crevasse to shiver through the night as their freezing feet lost all sensation. On their descent next day Jim fell forty feet wrenching a tendon in one foot, and, crossing a glacial crevasse, the snow bridge gave way behind them. Reaching their tent they crept exhausted into sleeping bags. Next day they were met by a rescue party but Dave had to be strapped to a mule. In a hospital at Lima his toes were amputated but later, equipped with special boots, he was climbing the Selkirks in British Columbia.

Why, one may ask. The author of the Yerupaja conquest answers: "In one month we live more than many people live in a lifetime."

His treatment of this episode of high adventure, although the humor is sometimes a bit strained, is graphic, the narrative both entertaining and informative.

Faraway Places Notes

ACROSS TO NORWAY. By David Howarth. William Sloane Assoc. $3.75. Here, told with unstudied simplicity, is the story of the secret traffic in arms, refugees, spies, and intelligence between Great Britain and Norway conducted by a small band of modern-day Vikings operating from the Shetland Islands during the Second World War. The author, a war correspondent turned Royal Naval Reserve officer, evidently decided that there were no adjectives adequate to the extraordinary saga and so writes his narrative in sustained understatement that might become boring to the landlubber and irritating to the seafarer who knows something of the toil and terror of small boat operations in sub-Arctic wintry seas even without the added peril of an alert and ruthless enemy.

Norwegian fishermen and their own boats comprised the non-professional Navy which actually commanded the seas and fjords from the Shetlands to the Scandinavian peninsula, under the direction but not the command of the British. Some were

(*Continued on page* 34)

Education. One out of every sixty human beings in the United States today is enrolled in an institution of higher learning. No other country on earth approaches that record. (Britain's, for example, is one in 588.) To cope with education on such a vast scale, the United States has developed a variety of institutions and curricula without parallel anywhere. The institutions range from the traditional ivy-type college whose history is chronicled in Pierson's "Yale College" (page 18) to the recently developed community college Brownell discusses in "The College and the Community" (page 18). The variety of curricula is exemplified in two other books reviewed here—Graeffe's "Creative Education in the Humanities" (page 20) and Hollis's and Taylor's "Social Work Education in the United States" (page 20). To preside over these unique institutions a unique figure has been developed, the American college president. He possesses more power than a college head in any other land, yet his tenure averages less than four years. For more about his problems see President Hatcher below.

The Burden of Civilization

THE COLLEGES AND THE COURTS. By M. M. Chambers. New York: Columbia University Press. 202 *pp.* $3.

THE COLLEGE FROM WITHIN. By Monroe E. Deutsch. Berkeley: University of California Press. 232 *pp.* $3.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE TO UNIVERSITIES IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Harold W. Dodds, Louis M. Hacker, and Lindsay Rogers. New York: Columbia University Press. 133 *pp.* $2.50.

PROBLEMS OF COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION. By Frank L. McVey and Raymond M. Hughes. Ames: Iowa State College Press. 326 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harlan Hatcher

OUR colleges and universities have shown steady growth in numbers and in complexity. There were 27,159 students enrolled in all American colleges in 1850. A century later there were about 2,500,000. Allow for the expansion of facilities, for the increasing scope and depth of knowledge, the acquisition and support of faculties, financing and physical maintenance, and the burdens of administration attendant upon this growth, and you have some measure of the problems confronting the colleges and universities at this critical mid-century period.

A modern university is in many respects one of the most complex organizations in our society. There is no cause for wonder, therefore, that many new books are being published in the effort to understand the phenomenon and to offer guidance to those responsible for dealing with so perplexing a set of problems.

These four books were written by men with wide experience, and they share with us their accumulated wisdom "out of experience, under the burden of responsibility." "Problems of College and University Administration," written by two former presidents of important universities, is the most unusual of the four. It is informal, practical, personal, and down-to-campus—parallel analyses and comments that occasionally take on the flavor of a good-natured debate. "McVey and the Trustees" is followed by "Hughes and the Trustees."

They cover the entire, overwhelming list of subjects which must engage the time, interest, and attention of the president of a university—from the kind of dog to have in the president's house to break the ice for a student reception, to the preparation of the university budget; from the duties of the president's wife, to the problems of a research foundation and a university press. In between are a couple of hundred problems which arise from day to day in the president's office: choosing a secretary, entertaining, scheduling the twenty-four hours of the day, appointing deans, admitting students, dealing with legislatures and donors, preparing catalogues, planning and building new facilities, dealing with fraternities and student

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organizations, scholarships, parents, student discipline, alumni associations, clubs, and reunions, faculty committees.

A thoughtful reader will endorse President McVey's statement: "Considering this subject as a whole, I am reminded of Dr. George Vincent's comment made a good while ago when he said, 'The post of a university president is becoming an impossible one.' "

The demands have not lessened; they have increased. They have grown since the close of the distinguished careers of these two presidents, and some of the delightful things which they have to say out of their own experience seem almost nostalgic in their comparative simplicity.

Full recognition of this continued change is taken by the Vice-President and Provost, Emeritus, of the University of California, Monroe E. Deutsch in "The College from Within." "The purpose of the book," says the author, "is to set forth frankly and honestly conclusions that have gradually developed and crystallized, with the hope that thereby thought on those problems may be stimulated and occasionally even action may result."

The observations are frank, beginning with the selection of a president. Dr. Deutsch calls by name the distinguished non-academic men from military glory, and from legal and business careers, who have been made presidents of leading universities, and, after historical analysis, finds them wanting in the essentials. Past experience, he says, shows that it is better "to follow the well-tried path of selecting persons with educational backgrounds, rather than 'outsiders,' to serve as leaders of our colleges and universities . . . In my judgment the most important attribute to be sought in a president is educational leadership . . . his every act affects the character of the institution. . ."

Among the more striking chapters in a book that covers university life pretty fully are those devoted to leaves and retirements for professors, the relation of religion to higher education, and the freedom of discussion on a college campus. The question of religion is well summarized by a quotation from Emerson: "Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force." It behooves institutions of higher learning to see to it that this dimension of our lives is not overlooked or slighted.

There are few instances of abridgment of free discussion of any subject on American college campuses. Present concern and agitation centers chiefly on "the problem of inviting speakers from the outside." The institutions have been feeling their way on this issue, trying hard to select the best of two competing goods for time and place. Dr. Deutsch makes a fair statement of the position presently arrived at by most colleges: "The institution was built and supported by the state or by private benefactors not to serve as the Hyde Park of any and sundry agitators, but for the education of the young men and women who have the ability to justify that education. A college is not a circus ground for the presentation of this or that celebrity. Its buildings and equipment were designed to educate and train, not to serve as a platform for each and every crackbrained supporter of a myriad of causes . . . Its own respect for sound thinking would make it shrink from any such suggestion."

The operations of modern colleges take them into all sorts of new and unusual problems which require legal and court decisions, sometimes from the Supreme Court itself. These involve questions of admission, legal residence, trusts, taxes, self-liquidating building projects, and business operations of all kinds. Mr. Chambers performs a great service by bringing his previous studies up to date in this volume covering the period from 1946 to 1950—a period when many of the problems were aggravated by the pressure upon the colleges resulting from the veterans' bulge in enrollment.

British universities share most of our problems with us. The same conditions which have confronted us since World War II have also beset them. Their numbers, however, are not so large. In contrast to our 2,500,000, the British have only about 85,000. How is Britain meeting the rising cost? The Commission on Financing Higher Education invited President Dodds, Dean Hacker, and Professor Rogers to find out.

Their able report is not reassuring. The British Government has sharply increased its grants to the universities. Sixty per cent of the cost is now borne by the government.

So far, at least, the government has not attempted to dictate or to control the universities. But President Dodds, particularly, notes the import of Sir John Anderson's admonishment to the universities: "They must not regard themselves as isolated units, but rather as part of an articulated whole." And Atlee, in a speech at Glasgow University, said that the administration of funds by the University Grants Committee "left the universities almost complete freedom to run their own affairs." The word "almost" may not be overlooked.

In view of the social developments in Britain which have curtailed private means, greater government support was the only source of aid to the hard-pressed universities. This careful study points up the inherent dangers involved in a dependency status for the universities even in Britain.

—*British Travel and Highway Association.*

The river Cam—"a dependency status."

Harlan Hatcher is president of the University of Michigan.

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From Blue Laws to Atomics

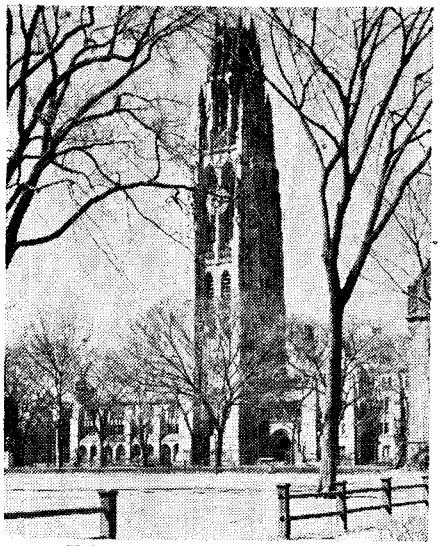
YALE COLLEGE: An Educational History, 1871-1921. By George Wilson Pierson. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 773 pp. $4.50.

By HENRY N. MACCRACKEN

ACCEPTING his task in high seriousness, Professor Pierson has made in this history of Yale College a most notable contribution to the literature of American culture. He has seen the drama unfolded in this little province. He takes us through the curtain to the tiring-house, and lets us see the actors as a little group of bewildered men, caught in a demand for new and untried texts, but sticking manfully to their old scripts. Bewildered, because knowledge, of late, has spread so fast, that even "general" education must be "particular" in its selection of subject-matter, and study of the humanities can be merely illustrative of spirit and aim, rather than comprehensive. This comes clearly through Dr. Pierson's narrative, and because such studies are rarely so well documented and so amply endowed, and because few trained historians have tried their hands at educational history, this story of Yale will be of great interest to college teachers and executives everywhere.

In five parts, twenty-seven chapters, and five hundred and fifty pages, the political history of the faculty of Yale College is well told. Constructed upon Congregational principles (the faculty being the congregation), Yale had maintained a resolute independence for its governing board of professors, against internal pressure from its own corporation, the state of Connecticut, and the town of New Haven, and also against external pressure from competitive colleges. Whenever the faculty yielded, it did so according to plan to positions previously prepared. It was only when an overwhelming barrage of aggressive alumni backed by wealth had caught them in the cleaning up of the curricular debris left by the First World War, that the faculty surrendered.

The author finds little to chronicle, and less to praise, in the thirty years of Presidents Noah Porter and Timothy Dwight. Four-fifths of his space is therefore given to the administration of Arthur Twining Hadley. His retirement is accepted as marking the end of an educational era. Noah Porter had nipped in the bud almost every promising development, and had watched the somewhat rank growth of Harvard without envy. Timothy Dwight let things go, and a luxuriant flowering followed upon the strengthened branches. It is characteristic of Yale that in his too-brief record of Dwight's fine period the author should give prominence to noting the resentment over the loss of the Yale Fence and the Old Brick Row. You have to have some symbol for your love, I suppose, even if it is only a fence; but in their grief over the Fence the alumni let the Corporation build without protest a monstrosity of a classroom hall.



—*Yale University News Bureau-Albertus.*

The Yale Fence—"symbol for . . . love."

It is perhaps unfair to try to summarize this scholarly enterprise in a phrase, but as you close the book you will remember that on page 200 Greek is given up as a required subject, on page 500 Latin. All else is ancillary. For this many a bloody field, many a famous victory. At its close the faculty could count years of debate, a great scientific school wrecked, and their own independence lost. President Hadley deplored the loss of the classics, but he took care not to become too deeply involved in their fate. When Greek fell, he philosophized: "Colleges cannot teach a thing to a public which does not want to study it." But the revolt had not come from Yale. Their passive attitude was due to the dulness of the students of the classroom, and they would have rallied to enlightened teaching. It was this that saved Latin for twenty years. Then the growth of the great university, the disintegration left by the war and the absence on war work of many outstanding scholars, and the powerful influence of centralization in big business and big government, swept aside all argument of value and of taste. Faculty autonomy was lost in the fight.

There was gain as well as loss in all this. When I spent six years in the English Department of Yale's scientific school, I was the only member without a Yale degree. My friend Tucker Brooke held the same bad eminence in the Academical College. Together (but of course they never met together) the two English Departments numbered some thirty men. So it was no surprise to me to read in Dr. Pierson's quiet prose the astounding statement that from 1800 to 1877 only one non-Yale man had ever held a Yale professorship. Nor to find Dr. Pierson in warm approval of Yale preponderance. "This domination had always been warranted by the outstanding ability of the men who came up through the College. The preference for home talent was based, too, on the instinctive conviction that a self-governing faculty ought to retain a strong nucleus of those who had been brought up in Yale's spirit.

The author portrays Arthur Hadley as a wobbler, though he gives him full credit for his scholarship and sportsmanship. "So he stood alone on the middle of the see-saw, stepping now a little this way, now a little that." To me it seems that the biography of Hadley by his son Morris is a truer picture. One explains the acts from the outside, the other lays bare the deeper motives. Neither, though a loyal portrait is drawn, gives adequate recognition to the influence of Mrs. Arthur Hadley, with her long experience as a Vassar trustee, her wide Yale connections, and her great powers of sympathy and high principle. She never wobbled once in the years that she was my friend.

And I think that if Arthur Hadley trimmed sail occasionally, he was a good sailor, and had to deliver a valuable cargo. If he straddled a fence, he saw to it that it was a Yale Fence, even if it had been transplanted from its view of the Green. Hadley penetrated to the weakness of the Yale faculty, which had become oligarchic rather than democratic, and he built round it a circle of new professorships that made more of human relations. One may admire the superb intransigence of the Yale faculty of thirty years ago, without regretting the growth that overran its elms.

No college, I think, has ever been so bewritten. Yale is still the romantic college of Old College Days, the college of great personalities among its teachers, of brilliant graduates in every field, of patriotic service in war, of every science and study.

Henry N. MacCracken, former president of Vassar College, taught English at Yale University.

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Years of Why

THE COLLEGE AND THE COMMUNITY. By Baker Brownell. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $3.50.

By HARRY W. SCHACTER

MR. BROWNELL'S book is one of the most stimulating and provocative books of our time—a book that desperately needed doing. It must have taken tremendous courage to write it considering how long the status quo has been entrenched in our institutions of higher learning. That it was written by a man who, himself, occupies an important position in an important university makes it doubly courageous.

Dr. Brownell levels a threefold charge at our colleges:

First, that they are fragmenting the life of their students at a time when the human personality so urgently needs to be treated as a whole. When a student goes to college, his background is usually a total community life—a healthy wholeness. When he has finished his education, he has been so segmentized that he has lost the concept of life as a basic unity.

Second, the average college education is totally unrealistic as a preparation for life. It puts a severe handicap on the student who, at the end of his college career, has to begin all over again learning how to cope with the realities of living. It is somewhat like the story of the student who played a piano piece, totally devoid of expression. When his teacher chided him for it, he said that he wanted to learn all the notes first, and that he would put the expression in later. With the keenest penetration, Dr. Brownell says: "College in peacetime has become a kind of sanctuary from the responsibilities of life, where young people can extend their hour of play up into the middle twenties. Here they are relieved of economic responsibility for the most part, and of social and intellectual responsibility as well."

But the third, and most devastating, indictment of our colleges is implied in the title of the book and concerns itself with what the college does to the small community. Dr. Brownell speaks here with eloquence and passion. "Higher Education in America" he says, "is more a matter of 'cut out and get out' than is generally supposed. What the lumber baron does to the forests, the college system in its way is doing to the rural areas and America's little places. Higher education has become increasingly an extractive industry—like mining or oil. It "processes" young people and gives them degrees. It also removes them from their native places and markets them elsewhere. It is an extractive industry without safeguards. The rural families pay substantial sums for the college education of their children. The community that breeds and finances them rarely receives the benefit of this costly training.

"Meanwhile, the rural regions decline. They are relatively less advanced today than they were a century ago. In richness of life, in cultural integrity and self-reliance, they now are probably lower than at any time in our history.

"And yet, man is a community animal. When his community is dissolved, human life breaks down biologically, morally, even intellectually, and human education becomes futile. College education is one of the erosive forces that cause our small communities to wash away under our feet. All talk of a world community is meaningless if the regional and local community is dissolved."

What effect has this on our democracy? It is becoming increasingly clear that the battle for democracy will be won or lost in the local community. Our democracy, which draws its basic strength from our 10,000 or more small American communities, will be substantially weakened if our small towns are weakened. In direct proportion that the American colleges contribute to that weakening, they endanger our democracy and our freedom which cannot survive without the little places of our land.

Can the status quo of the segmentized unrealistic curriculum be changed? Can the big university be decentralized? Dr. Brownell answers both questions in the affirmative. He describes vividly some of his own

daring but highly successful experiments at Northwestern University, and offers some new and challenging ideas, such as the "mobile" college. It makes fascinating reading.

This book will stir up a storm of controversy in this country wherever there is higher education. That storm will be most refreshing and will help clear air which has grown stale.

Harry W. Schacter, president of Kaufman-Straus Company, Louisville, is a member of the board of directors of the American Council for the Community.

Act & Thought

CREATIVE EDUCATION IN THE HUMANITIES. By Arnold Didier Graeffe. New York: Harper & Bros. 199 pp. $3.

By WILLARD B. SPALDING

QUESTIONS about the nature of general education have perplexed students of higher education for at least a generation. Many proposals have emanated from scholarly minds, some of which have been used widely. All, or nearly all, have been based upon the assumption that a body of knowledge exists which all men should possess. The theory underlying such of these proposals as arise from systematic thinking is, in almost every instance, one which provides a basis for the selection of appropriate content. Almost no one questions whether or not such a body of knowledge does or can exist.

Professor Graeffe is one of few authors who come close to examining the essential problem, although he does not quite come to grips with it. He proposes that, instead of basing a program upon "the mere conviction that general education is necessary" it should be based upon a "well-defined unifying principle." For him, this unifying principle is that which enables man to see the arts and the art of wisdom as a unity; in other words philosophy. The author states, "The role of philosophy as integrator in the humanities, if interpreted correctly, is not a matter of specific hypotheses and systems, but consists in philosophy's continuous insistence on a type of questioning that is in itself oriented toward synthesis and perspective. Integration in the humanities should be centered around this process." In this statement he appears to recognize that what is general is behavior, not knowledge. Men should as a result of education be able to synthesize, criticize, translate, evaluate, and carry on many other good acts. Yet he does not quite say this, either here or elsewhere in his book.

In defining the Humanities Area, Mr. Graeffe again approaches the idea that its boundaries are the acts of men. He includes those works which are "regarded as important today by those to whom the arts are important in their lives." He seeks to include the experiences of this "public" within these boundaries. He believes that the method by which this public places a work of art within a context "will lend

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itself naturally to an organic sequence for purposes of instruction." He advocates selecting material to which the instructor has a personal relation as content for instruction, wisely pointing out that "completeness in the Humanities can be properly obtained only by means of very catholic tastes indeed, or by a division of labor." If the latter choice is made, work should be allotted "mainly on the basis of the personal access that each instructor feels he has to the different parts that make up the whole," and the whole should be determined "by what can thus be put together." Further limitations are set by the exclusion of things which "will in all probability remain permanently closed to our students;" and by the way in which "the principle of recourse to experience imposes additional limitations upon our choice of material." "Experiencing," "placing art within a context," "selecting material," "personal access," and "exclusion" are acts and not knowledge. The author's system will be criticized, and to some extent justifiably so, but it is probable that by turning his attention to the acts of men rather than to the mossy and sometimes moldy content of traditional fields of knowledge, Mr. Graeffe has served general education well. What happens in a field of education is often as much a function of the way in which professors teach as of the content which is taught. As the author points out, "New projects often contain discrepancy between the idea in which they are based and the details of execution." In order to avoid this discrepancy, it is claimed that two methods of organizing instruction in the Humanities lead to inadequate teaching.

The additive method, that of offering many short courses which the student is required to take, does not allow teaching for synthesis. If synthesis has occurred under this system in the past, this has been because of the highly selected character of the student body. Higher education is now well on the way to becoming universal education. It is highly probable that as important an act as synthesizing cannot be left to chance. Students must be taught to do it.

The illustrative method, that of using the arts to illustrate a literary core, makes it difficult to teach their meaning. The significance of the arts is missed because they are used as a source from which ideas are selected on the basis of subject matter.

The method of organization which Mr. Graeffe proposes is that of using philosophy as an integrator. His emphasis upon the importance of the act of philosophizing, or, as he states it, "philosophy as process" is excellent. But, when he states his concept of philosophy more fully, it is apparent that his ultimate criterion, and real unifying agent is the arts and not philosophy. Although he places desirable emphasis upon those directions of philosophy which are "Synthesis oriented"—the nature of man, the nature of civilization, and the nature of the universe—he soon abandons them. He states that "thought should be selected wherever it provides a rational parallel to the artist's creative vision of man as a whole and the world as his habitation." This clearly means that the ultimate criterion for determining what thought, and therefore what philosophy, will be used as an integrating factor is the artist's creative vision.

In his discussion of the stages of integration, the author actually uses the arts as the integrating factor, paying little attention to his prior advocacy of philosophy for this role. In fact, when he states that "the decisive question is not whether a certain interpretation is correct but whether it is possible," he has separated himself permanently from philosophy and gone over whole-heartedly to the arts. This is a defensible position, even when taken inadvertently.

As a result, his techniques of integration are based upon experience in the arts, which he describes in five stages. The methodology which he bases on these is stimulating and suggestive. Every teacher, whether or not his field is among the humanities should be familiar with it. His discussion of the workshop technique and of the testing program are interestingly in contradiction. In the one he places great emphasis on the acts which students do. In the other his emphasis is largely upon the ability of students to use words, although, even here, there is some attention to doing projects instead of writing essays or taking verbal tests.

The final section of the book presents specific plans for teaching the Humanities. These are helpful if they stimulate thought. They can become harmful if they are copied and so become stereotypes.

Widow

By Hannah Kahn

BECAUSE you taught me where to walk,
I followed in your ways . . .
And by the compass of your mind
I measured off my days.

You should have taught me also,
Who now am numb as stone,
How to walk without you,
How to walk alone.

Please Help Me

SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Ernest V. Hollis and Alice L. Taylor. New York: Columbia University Press. 422 pp. $5.50.

By Eduard C. Lindeman

SOCIAL work, according to Mr. Hollis and Miss Taylor, is professionally adolescent. Its practitioners are uneasy. They are not quite sure that they know what they are supposed to do, and they are quite certain that the public misunderstands them. But, like all worried adolescents, they keep on growing in spite of their confusions. There are now some 75,000 of them, but only 30 per cent of this number are adequately trained. They are not well-paid but on the whole not worse off in this respect than teachers, librarians, and nurses. The nation's total bill for welfare services is enormous, perhaps as much as twelve billion dollars. There are some fifty-two professional schools in which prospective social workers are trained, and it costs almost $1,500 per year to educate one. Most social workers are females, and when not they receive better pay.

The above facts and near-facts are utilized in this study as a structural framework from which to derive certain conclusions and proposals. Dr. Hollis and Miss Taylor, both employees of the Federal Security

(*Continued on page* 33)

Eduard C. Lindeman is professor of social philosophy (retired) at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University.

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Welcome House

ROCHELLE GIRSON

"OUR policy in China," Pearl Buck asserted in a recent interview, "has failed for not any of the reasons that the politicians in Washington have said. It has failed because we have not had enough people who understood the differences and likenesses between these two halves of the world. If we had people who naturally understood because of their ancestry . . . ." Miss Buck, a rosy-skinned, motherly-looking woman, was referring specifically to the innumerable American-born children of inter-racial parentage—despised, abandoned, or shunted about—who are actually "key children." "It is true," she conceded, "that there are millions of children who would be glad for shelter, but these are children of some special destiny. If we had had them now in this crisis, we would have had help.

"These children are an asset anywhere. They are superior in intelligence and certainly superior in beauty to either side, yet they find themselves in an anomalous position. They are seriously discriminated against in America; they are made to feel different even in orphanages. I saw these children neglected in other countries, their abilities overlooked and not developed. I don't want my country to be guilty of that." It won't be because Miss Buck and her husband, publisher Richard J. Walsh, president of The John Day Co., have a "Welcome House" project in Bucks County, Pa., for as many of the little American refugees as their funds and voluntary contributions will support. It is the only haven of its kind in the world.

"People think if you have a successful book or play you are a millionaire," commented Miss Buck, whose latest novel is "The Hidden Flower" and, like all her books, a best seller. "The Government taxes me on the gains of my successful year even though a book may have taken three years to write. Nowadays nobody can be rich at all really. We struggle. At this moment we have eight children waiting to come to us, but I just can't take them because we need more money before we dare take them . . . We are most warmly appreciative of any contribution to Welcome House.

"The man who has done most to help is Mr. Kermit Fischer, who is a successful businessman, the head of Fischer & Porter Co. He got his employees interested, so they have really made it possible. I never could have carried it financially myself. Then Oscar Hammerstein II and his wife have been wonderful, and James Michener and Mrs. David Burpee, the wife of the seed man. These people have made it possible for us now to develop a real adoption agency for these children so that we are finding homes for them.

"I was sure there were people in our own community who would like to adopt them, but at first nobody wanted to, and we had quite a number of children. We have a strong, tight little community, which probably never saw anybody different from themselves. And, of course, we have our natural resisters, but the fine thing is we have our friends and supporters. The good spirit of William Penn still lives in Pennsylvania."

It all began several years ago with the Walshes taking in two little boys, one, part Indian, the other, half-Chinese. "We would have adopted them ourselves," said Miss Buck, "but we are too old for babies. The children stayed with us five or six months until we discovered among our friends a high-school teacher and his wife who said, 'We want to be Welcome House parents for these children.' When it became known that they had these children, agencies sent more. That family now has nine children and its house is full." The Walshes support two such houses—or "families," as they call them. The children cared for are eight, nine, ten, and over and not adoptable, but there is "no foster care, no boarding care." The children take the name of their "family," and call Miss Buck "Gran" and Mr. Walsh "Granddad."

"Then we got this adorable baby and kept him ourselves," Miss Buck continued. "I wondered, 'How is it nobody wants such a beautiful baby as ours?' Finally a young minister and his wife took him. Then other young couples began to come forward and said, 'Why, these children are beautiful and we want them.' Eight babies have been adopted this year, and we have quite a waiting list of parents now who want children. They can be adopted by either white or Oriental families, but so far all have been adopted by whites. They are all superior families who have no fears. Two are ministerial families, and we have some GI American families who want children.

ALL our adopted parents want repeats, and we encourage it. We feel that there should never be one child alone in a family and especially one of our children. Sometimes the families already have one or two children of their own, but they want one of ours to grow up with them.

"We have had to comply with all sorts of state laws, and we have two paid social workers. The rest of the work is voluntary. In the Department of State's Bureau of Children's Service at Harrisburg I have found the broadest understanding. We have a physician who doesn't charge, a psychologist who tests our children free, a pediatrician who doesn't charge; even the local storekeepers cooperate. It has been an education for me.

"It has encouraged me so much about my own country that in the midst of terrific prejudice and much bigotry everywhere of the severest sort I have found these people who are not like that. It has given me an entirely different feeling about America to discover them among high and low, rich and poor. It proved to me there is a true democratic spirit here.

"This is an actual participation in the development of valuable children. I feel here in America we will never reach our full height of development as Americans until we realize that the great thing our democracy has to give to the rest of the world is exactly the sort of thing we are trying to work out at Welcome House on a community level. It has to be done on a world level. Ours is a little pilot plan."

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The Saturday Review

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Selling America Short

AT an international meeting which I recently attended a member of our State Department reported on the views which people of other countries hold concerning America. The picture was not a pretty one. Polls had shown that foreigners think of us as material, technical, and money-theistic. We were lacking in spirituality, we were arrogant and egocentric, and we were poor sports. A very large number of people didn't like us.

Is not this dislike strange? Why should we be disliked? We who liberated Europe. We who have poured so many millions into Europe, sent grain to India, and established peace in Greece. Where would the French and the English be today had it not been for our gifts and our loans? And yet there are millions of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and others who do not like us. Why?

This attitude toward Americans is not something new in the world. One has but to read Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and numerous other nineteenth-century writers who had visited these shores, to realize that the low esteem in which Americans are held abroad is by no means a new phenomenon. What is perhaps new is the greater extension and the increase in the intensity of this dislike.

Although probably largely of English origin, this tradition seems to have been gradually diffused throughout Europe, there to become in the course of time independently confirmed by that unique of all American exports, the American tourist. It was reenforced by numerous eminent visitors to these shores who were adept at both pen and persiflage, who returned to their homelands and there enlightened their countrymen as to what the Americans were really like. What these eminent visitors mostly saw were the superficial things, but they also saw some of the deeper sources of American traits, sources which many Americans were not sufficiently distantly removed from themselves to be able to perceive as clearly as their foreign evaluators and critics.

Most people are not able to stand personal criticism of themselves, especially when it emanates from strangers. Criticism of one's country, particularly it appears if one is an American, is even less tolerable than criticism of oneself. Americans, more than any other people, seem to feel that a criticism of any of their country's institutions or ways constitutes a criticism of and an insult to themselves. A psychologist cannot help wondering whether this sensitivity does not betray a rather deep-seated insecurity—individually and collectively—which causes most Americans to respond in this way to such criticisms. This insecurity explains a great many things about Americans which foreigners see but which many Americans are so frequently unwilling to face. What looks to the foreigner like arrogance and conceit are simply the overcompensatory devices by means of which the American is trying to compensate for his feeling of inadequacy and show that he is a "success."

America today is the most powerful nation in the world. Most of the remainder of the world's nations are by comparison weak. The relation of America's power to the rest of the world's weakness constitutes not only a grave problem for America, but even more importantly—and Americans would be wise to recognize this as quickly as possible—for the whole of the rest of the world. With such great power at its disposal foreigners are today more than ever interested in America and in Americans, and more distrustful of them, for large numbers of them as a result of World War II saw Americans in the flesh for the first time. With all the willingness in the world to like them, most Europeans were forced to conclude that Americans were not likable people.

The chief ambassador from the American people to Europe was the American G.I. The general feeling about the American G.I. in England was summed up in the refrain "Overdecorated, Oversexed, and Over Here." The lack of courtesy, the frequent absence of the ordinary forms of politeness, the general crudity of behavior, the forwardness and high frequency of criminal behavior among American troops had a devastating effect.

In France, as in England, the French were appalled by the brutishness of so many American soldiers. One of the phrases I heard most frequently applied to the American G.I. by townspeople was "sexual beasts." In mock grudging admiration one would encounter the following kind of remark: "A European soldier when he steals will steal a package or even a carton of cigarettes. But Americans . . . nothing but a whole train with all its contents will do! They will steal a whole train and sell not only its contents, but the train, too! Americans always do things in a big way."

WHAT about the "higher ups"? The "liberators" of Europe? As everyone knows, the incoming American forces were greeted throughout the length and breadth of Europe as the liberators of mankind. No foreign army had ever been greeted with a deeper feeling of gratitude and welcome than the Americans. And then what happened? The Americans, instead of removing the Nazis and Facists and other undesirable elements, astonished the people by maintaining them in office and even dragging many out of hiding and putting them into office over the heads of the men and women who had sacrificed virtually everything to keep the flame of decency alive during the "Terror." The Europeans' conclusion is unequivocally that the Americans are on no one's side but their own.

Americans, it is generally believed by Europeans, are so afraid of the Russians that they will do anything to keep that bogey from their door. Europeans, in general, rightly or wrongly believe that the Russians do not want a war, that they want to fight a cold war, not a hot one. It is for this reason, so it is held, that the Americans behave as they do in Europe and elsewhere, and it is this reason which

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causes so many Europeans to disapprove so violently and fundamentally of American foreign policy and American political conduct in the occupied areas of Europe and elsewhere in the world.

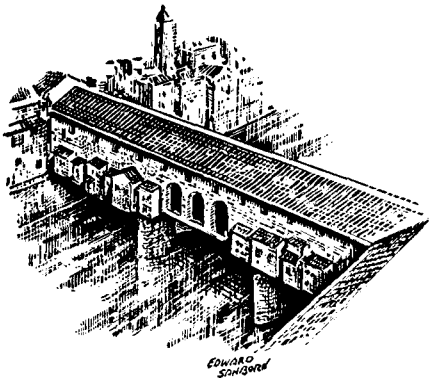
All that Europeans can see is that if there is a war between America and Russia, it will be the Americans who will have forced it upon the world, for the Russians, they believe, want to avoid war, since with the aid of American foreign policy they can make all the gains they wish without war. In such a war, the Europeans feel, they would be crushed beyond recovery. At the very best, whoever won, they feel, they would lose.

The most successful propaganda job done by the Russians in India, our State Department tells us, has been to convince the Indians that the Americans are not interested in dealing on a basis of equality with the colored "races" of the world. To support their claims they print photographs for those who are unable to read showing race riots and lynchings in the United States. For those who are able to read they quote chapter and verse proving that these things actually occur in the United States. Now our tendency, when dealing with foreigners, is to play down or even to deny the faults from which we Americans are alleged to suffer. This tendency is another of our traits which people abroad do not like about us. If we really want to make friends and influence people abroad, we should let them know the whole truth about ourselves. Race riots and lynchings have occurred in the United States for years—we should admit this freely, and we should deplore with all the feeling that is within us the occurrence of such tragic disasters. We should explain to those who are genuinely interested in an explanation the reason for such ghastly occurrences, and we should set out some of the great gains which have been made especially in the recent period in the realm of race relations, and we should also make clear some of the reasons why greater progress has not been made. We may legitimately point with some satisfaction to the states and towns and villages and institutions which have abolished all discriminatory racial laws and practices, and instituted laws and procedures calculated to make all discrimination on such grounds illegal.

Europeans, quite often, feel that Europe has not only become a dependency of the United States, but that the Government of the United States is using its money to influence and shape the foreign policies of their own countries. As one European political figure said to me: "We have become a nation of lickspittles. We are told to be quiet, for we must on no account offend the Americans. We need dollars."

In keeping with this policy of quietism, jokes about Americans are discouraged on the stage, and in one case, so I was informed, the management of a private theatrical group running a play which had several jokes about Americans was heavily penalized on the charge that they had admitted a non-member who paid at the door.

Among many other Europeans there is the strong feeling that America needs Europe vastly more than Europe needs America, and their attitude is: "Certainly we shall be willing to help the Americans with any reasonable request they may make—but they must permit us to run our own affairs



our own way. We want to cooperate, but we don't want to be coerced or compelled."

That such views can be held by Europeans suggests that something is somewhere wrong. Whatever the truth may be, it would appear that we have not done a very good job of human relations. The fault may not be altogether our own, but that it is partly so I think there can be little doubt. We have tried to "sell" ourselves and we've sold ourselves short. We might try giving up the values and the practices of the market place, and instead of attempting to "sell" ourselves take a good look at ourselves and attempt to see ourselves as others see us, for what we are is not what we think we are but the appearance we present to the world. We might also attempt to take a look at others in terms of *their* needs as well as our own.

Europeans and other peoples want to like us, and *we* genuinely want to like them. The only way one ever gets to be liked is by liking others. Apparently we have not succeeded in conveying our liking for them to the peoples of the rest of the world, and until we learn how to do so we shall never be understood by them.

Liking other peoples consists in making them feel that we are genuinely interested in their welfare, and that we are not helping them for exclusively selfish interests of our own.

—Ashley Montagu.

Bookmarks

DISCUSSING "The Jokes that Last" in a recent *Atlantic,* Burges Johnson marveled not so much at the durability as at the viability of folklore. The origin of a joke is simple: (a) it really happened, or (b) somebody made it up, and that somebody was an individual, not a group. (Tracing that origin is, of course, another matter.) But how, once born, does a joke get about? It is easy to say word of mouth, traveling salesmen, truck drivers, transcontinental bus riders, conventions, homing undergraduates, letters, but the process often seems too speedy, too universal, for these media to be as effective as some medium certainly is.

* * *

An addiction to clichés is a combination of ignorance, laziness, unimaginativeness, and sheer plagiarism—the following of a well-beaten path through a wood that belongs to somebody else, the commission of an act of trespass which nearly everybody commits.

* * *

William Morris, according to his biographer, J. W. Mackail, was "almost superhuman in his strength," and Mackail cites this in evidence: "Once when describing how he had seen passengers staggering off a Channel steamer loaded with luggage, he illustrated his point to the amusement and horror of his audience by getting a chair under each arm and then stooping and lifting the coal-scuttle in his teeth." The example would have more precise appositeness if Mackail had told us how big the chairs were and how much coal was in the scuttle.

* * *

We could do without everything's being at this, that, or the other level. And we have just as little liking for "leveling" in the slang sense of "being honest with," which seems to us to be as affected a locution as is to be found in the speech of any layer of humanity. Linguistic phoniness is no respecter of social stratification.

* * *

Where in the Bible will be found mention of:

1. A book tied to a stone and thrown into a river?
2. A book sprinkled with the blood of calves and goats?
3. A book no man was able to open?
4. A book that was opened in the sight of all the people?
5. A book carried to a king?

Answers in any good Biblical concordance. Everybody should be familiar with a good concordance.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cassandras?

▶ PLEASE ACCEPT my most earnest expression of thanks and felicitation to Edgar Ansel Mowrer for his brilliant and timely "The Third Man" [*SR* July 5].

Here is a hope that Mowrer, Toynbee, and others like them will not be doomed to the role of modern Cassandras fated to speak the bitter truth, yet unheard and unheeded by softened, luxury loving moderns who are not willing to pay the price of survival. I wish it were possible for you to make reprints of this article and circulate it by the millions.

J. J. STEIN.

Chicago, Ill.

Tribal Fanatic

▶ "THE THIRD MAN" is a hodge-podge of historical misconceptions and semantic anarchy which in our time passes for serious thinking. I wish to dwell merely upon *one* of Mowrer's misconceptions, pacifism, which he variously equates with non-violence, non-resistance, comfort-seeking, draft-dodging, popular anti-war sentiment, desire for peace, and failure of the will-to-war. By failing to understand pacifism, he assigns to it an historical force which it has never commanded.

Pacifism, according to Webster's "International Dictionary," is the opposition to war or the use of *military* force for any purpose. In almost every example cited by Mr. Mowrer as the enervating effect of pacifism, a purely non-pacifist force was operative. Therefore, when he concludes that non-violence is the quick road to ruin, he means of course that misguided, enfeebled, or defunct militarism is the quick road to ruin for a given nation.

It is most amazing that he gives no worthy thought to the idea that modern efficient militarism, and hardly pacifism, is likely to destroy that world and his really plentiful Third Man who, when the rationalizations of mass-murder are put aside, is a ubiquitous tribal fanatic willing to blow the world apart on a 51 per cent chance that his "moral" judgment is right.

E. R. KARR.

Saline, Mich.

Robots

▶ THE THIRD MAN EXISTS, but like so many historians Mowrer neglects to mention that the majority of Third Men get killed off every generation in wars. Who knows how many Third Men were lost by us in our two-and-a-half world wars?

Unfortunately, Mowrer's article is so constructed that readers leaving it without finishing might be led to believe that what we need is to develop more Type One Men. Why assume that the result of a war depends on the personal convictions of the individual soldier? Perhaps in the days of hand-to-hand combat this was an important item, but in our mechanized wars depending a great deal on air power, the convictions of an individual are nebulous. We have only to compare the Nazi S-S trooper with the soldiers who defeated him. *There* was a Type One Man, especially trained as such. More are being trained today. He is useless for anything else but for war. What we need to do is reconvert our machinery back to producing Type Three Men. Instead of re-educating the conquered nations, we have left the old machinery still running and the robots are piling up.

SIDNEY E. PORCELAIN.

New York, N. Y.

"Stop looking innocent! We pleaded guilty!"

Superman

▶ MOWRER'S "THIRD MAN" is of course the "Superman" of Nietzsche, the man who believed that violence was the only principle worth adhering to. Mowrer weeps for French, English, and American boys who have lost a taste for killing, and thus describes his ideal, his Third Man, his Superman: "They can, when necessary, drop an A-bomb, regretfully but without remorse . . . A few such individuals have headed great states—Marcus Aurelius, St. Louis, Asoka, Skandagupta etc." He forgets Harry S. Truman, who is the only man actually to have dropped the A-bomb which killed hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children. By Mowrer's standard, this should make him the greatest of the great who have inhabited the earth.

Naturally, if Stalin orders a few A-bombs dropped on his own account, this will make him a Third Man, a Superman, too.

I would say that the Mowrer piece indicates almost better than anything you have ever published that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It is compounded of whole paragraphs cribbed bodily from Gibbon, Spengler, Mommsen, and others, and an inordinate amount of arrant nonsense. It is the kind of piece which has induced me to forget about renewing my subscription to *The Saturday Review*. I want my literary stuff straight.

J. L. BERNSTEIN.

Paterson, N. J.

Christian Principles

▶ AS AN ADVOCATE of free speech and free press, I welcome sincere criticism of my statements. But misquotation and misrepresentation are not proper criticism. A letter by Richard Kirk Washburn [*SR* May 17] commenting on my section of the symposium on textbooks [*SR* Apr. 19] breaches the proprieties many more times than can be noted here.

True, Communists claim to be democrats, hence rejoice at the confusion resulting from use of their terminology, but clearly I decried calling America a democracy for the reason that our nation is a republic. Also I showed that educators such as Columbia's William F. Russell are guilty not merely of using a wrong word, but of teaching that Amer-

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ica is a government by men, not the government of law set up by our Constitution. The issue is between these two types of government: my critic errs; we face no dilemma, with rule by a minority the only alternative to majority rule.

To a denial that the ideology of human freedom is in the Bible, from many possible citations I choose John 3:16, ". . . whosoever believeth in him shall not perish. . . ." Here is the Christian doctrine of free will under the new dispensation brought to earth by Christ, with no reservations as to race or color—"whosoever" means "any person who."

The Founders knew that they were borrowing Christian principles and writing them for the first time in political documents. John Adams wrote to Jefferson in 1813: "The general principles on which the fathers achieved independence were the general principles of Christianity." Tom Paine wrote in 1775: "(Wherefore) political as well as spiritual freedom is the gift of God through Christ."

VERNE P. KAUB.

Madison, Wis.

Arjuna, the Warrior

▶ PERMIT ME to correct a statement in "The Third Man." Arjuna of the Bhagavad Gita was not the "ruling prince whose country was attacked." The ruling princes at the time were the Kanravas from whom Arjuna and his brothers, the Pandavas, wanted to regain their share of the ancestral kingdom. Actually it was not for reasons of non-violence that Arjuna was unwilling to fight, but because he was afflicted with sentimentalism when he saw his own kith and kin arrayed against him in the battle-line. Arjuna, as a member of the warrior caste, owed his first loyalty to war in the cause of justice and peace, and not to non-violence.

BAIDYA N. VARMA.

New York, N. Y.

Focus in Canada

▶ THE CANADIAN ISSUE is the only good job of its kind ever published in an American magazine. You could not have been wiser in your choice of contributors.

What makes it hard for a Canadian to write of Canada in such a way as to interest Americans is the problem of focus. The similarities between the countries are greater than between any other two countries in the world. But the differences are also great, and the most important of them are mental. The American public seems to have preconceived ideas about Canada which are utterly wrong. As a result, the writer in Canada finds it almost impossible to hit a satisfactory focus. He knows that both Americans and Canadians will read his piece. If he writes for one group he is haunted by the feeling that he will fail to reach the other.

One of our difficulties in the past has been the conviction on the part of most American editors that Canada is a country entirely different from what she is. Only a few years ago the editor of a famous American monthly came up here in search of Canadians to write on Canadian topics. He found the writers, but he went home empty-handed. He wanted stories about trappers, Mounted Policemen, and husky dogs "because that's the only aspect of Canada the American people are interested in." In this vast flood of culture, Canada is either not mentioned at all or is generally treated in terms so unreal that no Canadian can recognize either himself or his own country.

The result has been stultifying to Canada's spirit and above all to Canadian literature. Our writers have had to make a tremendous effort of will to convince even themselves that Canadian life is not only interesting, but in many respects more mature than that of the States.

During the past fifteen years, our writers have at last broken through. A good Canadian novel today is likely to outsell a good import in the Canadian market. Our native magazines are clamorous for native material. But the American flood continues, and only recently have American editors realized that if we provide them with such a profitable open market, we are entitled to the same treatment—as regards honesty and interest—that any state of the Union has a right to expect, and in fact receives. Americans have always opposed economic colonialism. It has simply never occurred to them, until very recently, that their magazines and books had staked out Canada as a cultural colony.

So—speaking as a writer—thanks very much for the June 7 issue of *The Saturday Review*. It told the truth and it should help a lot.

HUGH MACLENNAN.

Quebec, Canada.

False Prophet?

▶ AFTER READING James Soby's essay "The Prophetic Painter" [*SR* July 5] I tried to clarify the muddled train of reasoning by which he attempted to demonstrate prediction of future occurrences in two specific and in two vaguely outlined examples taken from twentieth-century paintings.

Of the first example, De Chirico's "Portrait of Guillaume Apollinaire," we are told that "it is, of course, a symbolic image. . . ." (Webster: that which suggests something else by reason of . . . association, etc.) The importance of the three objects in the foreground, which immediately suggested a number of things to me, is disposed of in the same sentence—the dark glasses by mentioning them, and the molds by coupling them to the "painter's turn of mind."

On the first reading I was not aware that they had been thus discarded, but soon found that they were not to be mentioned again. Alas, I hoped in vain for the revelation that the poet had blinded himself on a butter mold! Not so; we are next told that the poet's head is encircled by a white line (It is not. Webster: to form a circle about, to pass completely around); that a bullet hole appearing on the first drawing is not included, but that this is fortunate since it was not a bullet which did the damage, but a shell fragment. No mention is made of the apparent bullet (or button) hole in the figure's shoulder. In short, it is pointed out, the main content of the picture is insignificant; what proves presage is a thin line in the background. Even this might be acceptable had there been some attached photographs to demonstrate the "amazingly similar" shape of the bandages.

The non-existent logic which connects by hindsight the events of Boccioni's death with his painting "The City Rises" is equally unsupportable. Whether the locomotive referred to exists I am unable to determine from the reproduction. That the "horse" in the foreground is lunging "in the general direction of the culvert" is patently untrue, as can be seen from even a most casual examination. The animal is pulling a heavy load, assisted by two straining figures, in a direction which can at best be said to be obliquely forward from the plane of the picture.

That Kandinsky's cannon foretold World War I or Echaurren's "matter as vapor" the atomic bomb I leave to Mr. Soby's conscience to decide, and ask only where one is to find meaning in his closing sentence, "Presentiment is, I think, a phenomenon to which the imaginative powers of artists gives an exceptionally disturbing validity." This, that it may be the more easily analyzed, I transcribe as follows: "Artists are gifted with imagination; this justifies the assumption that they may be gifted with prophesy." To give validity to is to justify, to support, to demonstrate-the-truth-of. Unfortunately it disguises the non-sequitur only a little if we add the weighted words, "exceptionally disturbing." I do not feel that Mr. Soby has demonstrated the truth of anything. I do not feel that the painter has prophesied anything.

FRANCIS T. CHAMBERS.

Princeton, N. J.

BOLT

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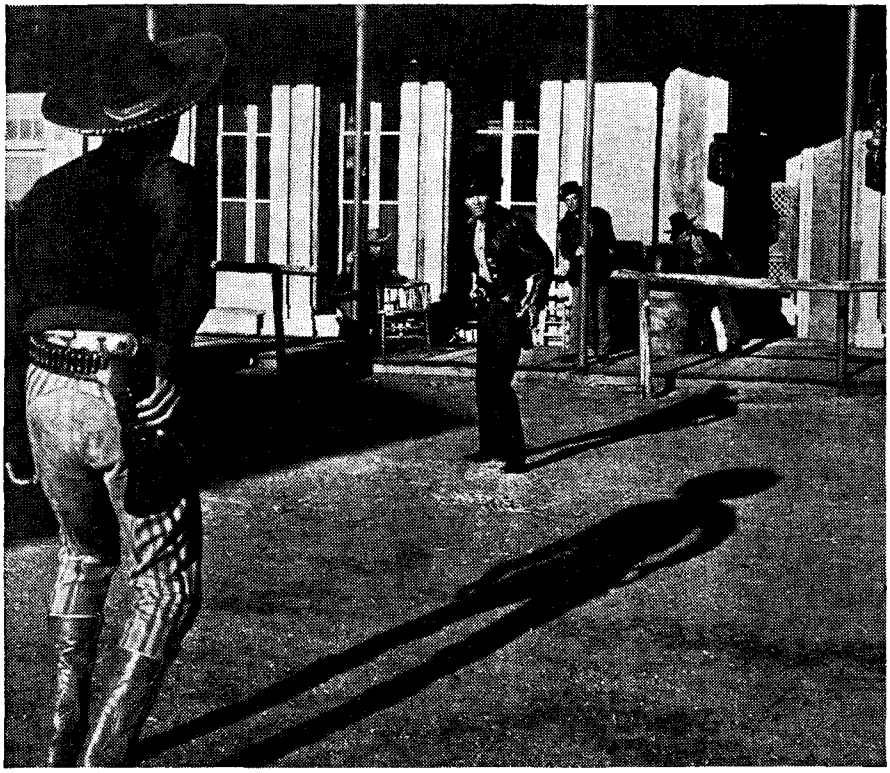
SR Goes to the Movies

NOW THAT SUMMER'S HERE



—From "Duel at Silver Creek."

Audie Murphy draws on Eugene Iglesias—"drinks in the landscape."

FOR most of the year movie people contemplate their grosses and wonder why more folks haven't turned out for their little entertainments. Comes July, however, and it's pretty much taken for granted that practically nobody wants to sit in a theatre in the first place. The big pictures they save for fall, traditionally "the Greater Movie Season," while local screens for the most part play off an accumulation that could only be sold with the extra added attraction of "Twenty Degrees Cooler Inside." Through the hottest months all pictures seem as light-weight as ladies' summer dresses, and often as frivolous. Not all need be written off as total losses, however. Certainly not a picture as frothy and high-spirited as Warner Brothers' musical version of the Broadway success "Where's Charley?" Happily, Warners took over not only the rights to the show, complete with Frank Loesser's appealing score, but most of the principals as well. And best of all, Ray Bolger, making one of his all too infrequent film appearances. Bolger's warm, graceful, intimate form of nonsense proves every bit as likable in pictures as on the stage. He relaxes into a song, slips easily into a dance, even invites audience participation in his "Once in Love with Amy" number—and all with a quiet charm that throws into startling contrast the frantic dances of the chorus numbers, the feverish activity of the farcical plot. As long as Ray Bolger is on the screen—which fortunately is most of the time—"Where's Charley?" is an undiluted delight. And though everything else seems just a little too obvious, from the old-fashioned song cues to the new-fashioned ballet inserts, a generally cheerful cast headed by Allyn McLerie and Robert Shackleton help Bolger make the most of it.

* * *

Twentieth Century-Fox offers as its favored summer entry "We're Not Married," sporting an impressive and expensive cast and a wonderful basic story idea, the notion that all sorts of people have been married by a justice of the peace a week or so before he had the right to marry anyone. Two-and-a-half years later this error is discovered, and writer-producer Nunnally Johnson invites us to look in on the resulting chaos—a Mr. and Mrs. breakfast-program couple who have come to loathe the sight of each other, a Texas millionaire being framed with an infidelity charge by his beautiful schemer, an expectant father shipping out for Korea, that sort of thing. There are numerous hilarious bits, notably a satire on radio that Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers carry off to perfection. But the variations on the theme soon grow thin, Johnson protracting them with details far less inventive than his original situation, while Edmund Goulding's direction sadly lacks the satiric touch to hold them all together. Victor Moore, however, as the bumbling J. P., is a joy to watch, Louis Calhern obviously savors his role of the worldly Texan, and Marilyn Monroe and ZsaZsa Gabor at least temporarily take your mind off the heat.

* * *

"Duel at Silver Creek" (U-I) is a neat stand-out among recent Westerns—not the big "High Noon" type of Western with top stars and careful production, but that more standard brand of action film that every studio has learned to turn out quickly, efficiently, and profitably. "Duel" has the advantage of a strong story that is logical and direct if not terribly original, something to do with claim jumpers and the fearless frontier marshal who hunts them down. Joseph Hoffman, who collaborated on the screenplay with Gerald Adams, has staged it with a good deal of fancy riding and fancier shooting, and photographed it with a camera that drinks in as much of the handsome landscapes as his rapid pacing will permit. The actors are helpful too. Audie Murphy and Stephen McNally head the cast, while Gerald Mohr makes an unusually attractive villain. And of course it's in Technicolor. It would have been a shame to let all that bright red gore go to waste.

* * *

Technicolor is also a feature in "Lure of the Wilderness" (Twentieth Cent.-Fox), a verbatim remake of "Swamp Water," first done in old-fashioned black-and-white about a dozen years ago. Five years more and it will probably be back again as a musical. In any case, color makes a decided contribution to this story of a man falsely accused of murder who has fled with his daughter deep into the forbidding interior of Georgia's Okefenokee swamp. It sets the dramatic mood quickly as mirror-clear blue water gives way to the dark green tangle of jungle-like foliage with its silent population of alligators, otter, and snakes—all underscored by Franz Waxman's properly ominous music. Walter Brennan, of the original cast, plays the Crusoe-ish fugitive ef-

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fectively, Jeff Hunter is the boy who befriends him, and Jean Peters is attractive enough in, possibly, the title role. Certainly, there's no other visible lure in the Okefenokee swamp country.

* * *

For the non-seasonal, serious filmgoer there is another of the unusual, provocative creations of Jean Cocteau, "The Strange Ones" (Mayer-Kingsley). Based on his novel "Les Enfants Terribles," this has little in common with the conventional movie. Its plot, concerned with a neurotic youth and the sister who mothers him, is less a story than a mosaic of impressions which, as fitted together here, suggest a world of latent incest, homosexuality, and madness. The hand of Cocteau, who prepared the adaptation with director Jean-Pierre Melville, is everywhere apparent—in the trenchant dialogues, in the unlikely camera angles, the bizarre settings, the picaresque story structure, in the narration that comments with amused detachment upon the tragicomic implications of his theme. The youthful cast, headed by Nicole Stephane, Edouard Dermithe, and Renee Cosima, plays Cocteau's self-absorbed characters with astonishing insight, creating together a borderline private world half way between lovely fantasy and sheer insanity. "The Strange Ones" may be awfully special, but it will fascinate those who can follow Cocteau's sort of thing.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a superior British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

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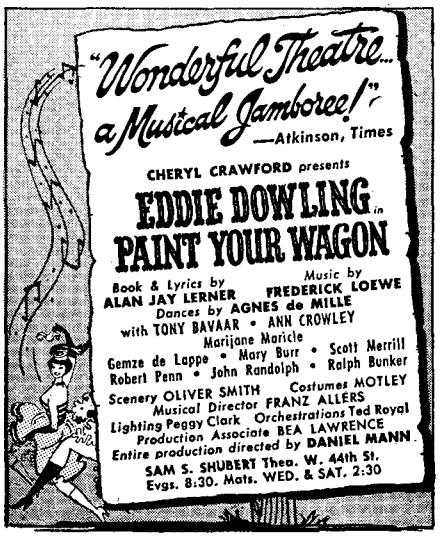
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TV and Radio

A YOUNG ELDER & THE KIDS

TWO NBC-Television programs are of interest to educators who may be drafting sample schedules accompanying their applications to the Federal Communications Commission for TV station licenses. One is "Through the Enchanted Gate," a thirteen-week experimental series on art education for children, soon, perhaps, to conclude its Sunday run on WNBT-New York, which offers it in cooperation with the Museum of Modern Art. The other is "Eighty Years of Changing Beliefs and Unchanging Hopes," a one-time "conversation-piece" film of Bertrand Russell, made by NBC in England and presented recently on the occasion of the philosopher-mathematician's eightieth birthday.

The art series and the Lord Russell telecast lie within areas of subject matter and program techniques indigenous to the motives and resources of educational TV, which, as its year of "show-cause" gets under way, remains still a matter of portentous suspense rather than a firm promise of reality.

The eightieth-birthday interview with Bertrand Russell was presented by NBC-TV at the time usually given over to "Television Recital Hall," the program which brings us excellent musicians in intimate concert performances. Television, ambitious to be all things to all men, now contemplates the living archives role for virtuosi of the mind. NBC-TV hopes to produce stimulating glimpses of other celebrities worthy of being hall-of-famed.

The Russell film was an unqualified success. Urbane and white-maned like Toscanini, the author of "Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits" fingered a comfortable pipe in a friendly chair and ranged over eight decades of experience in the world of ideas with wisdom, humor, and intellectual modesty. He was queried by Romney Wheeler, head of NBC's London office, who asked well-chosen questions and stayed out of the picture, properly setting up an all-Russell show.

Lord Russell on any subject is worth listening to: Lord Russell on Bismarck, English naval supremacy, Karl Marx, the disillusionment of mathematics, philosophy, and religion, the necessity for world government, approximate world economic equality and a stationary population, the limitations of freedom, the dangers of dogma, careers for today's brilliant young men, etc.—all a rare and rich delight, a privilege for thoughtful people.

Stop and think of how many of the world's current great you would like to spend half an hour with on television. Think, too, of what they would have to contribute in a conversation piece. The requirements are simple: They must be profound, witty, wise, and entertaining—like Bertrand Russell. I can think of a few, all Englishmen. Perhaps NBC-TV ought to continue working the British Isles for a while.

NBC has something here. All encouragement to it to continue seeking out and capturing on film the genuine music-makers of our contemporary intellectual spheres. As for our campus TV producers, the Russell program, by inversion, is a clue. The conversation piece, so ready at hand, ought to be resisted at all costs unless there is a Russell in the ivy. The imitation of the form without the combustible spirit is a shoal.

ANENT imitation as a method of developing a child's insight in art, Victor D'Amico, director of the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Education, gave sound instruction on one of the later telecasts in the WNBT series. "When a child imitates he is enslaved," said Mr. D'Amico. "To have him copy teacher or color outlined forms is destructive. The quality that must be nurtured in the child, is that which stirs us in great sculpture or painting—imagination. Imagination is not wispy day-dreaming; it is super-realism—the capacity to take a real thing and make of it something more real."

"Through the Enchanted Gate" derives its origin from the museum's annual Children's Holiday Carnival, where youngsters, with the help of sympathetic instructors, explore mass, color, form, make "feeling pictures," paint, mush up papier-maché animals, and tinker with mobiles.

On the air a group of children, aged three to ten, also experiment with materials provided by the museum. Each week they file through the gate in an opening sequence. Then instructors launch them on a project. We see close-ups of the results and hear the children queried. Finally, Mr. D'Amico speaks to the viewing parents, invariably giving them wise counsel on stimulating junior's adventures in creative art. The series announces the following week's project, and it offers a printed guide.

No doubt many children who have taken part in the museum's annual carnival have enjoyed individual art experiences. It is a question, though, whether literally transferring the carnival concept to television results in creative experience for the child at home. We see only fragments of several children's work and consequently no unity of identification is possible. Except for our momentary outside-in interest in their work, the children on the screen give us little of learning or value.

The most rewarding element of the program as now conceived is Mr. D'Amico's direct instruction to the parents. Without fail the program comes alive when he speaks of art. NBC would be wise not to forget him, were the series to lapse. He teaches with authority and verve.

"Through the Enchanted Gate" is a commendable, if partially successful experiment because of its motivation, weekly lessons, and printed guides. It is a pity that Mr. D'Amico, as producer, did not obey his sound artist's instinct in framing and dramatizing his work, abjuring imitation of reality (in this case, the holiday carnival) and calling upon his imagination to rethink his material and produce a new tension between idea and TV form.

Probably and regrettably the first-hand academic experiences will constitute the major aspect of educational TV. If they involve entities as compelling as a Bertrand Russell they should be reported straightforwardly and not dressed up. If, on the other hand, they hold interest for participants only, they should not be imitated but rather imaginatively reshaped.

—ROBERT LOUIS SHAYON.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 11*)

the children of divorce and given it a pretty thorough going over. I somewhat doubt that Lann Saunders's problems are quite typical but they are interesting. Lann is not only a child of divorce, but she has a mother who is about as loathsome a witch as has appeared in fiction. She could give pointers to Else Dinsmore's father. As a result Lann approaching adolescence is something of a maladjusted monster herself. Lann's rebuffs and rejections take up most of the story. The rest is concerned with her winning her way to a healthier outlook on life. Most of the book is laid in a fashionable boarding school where Lann is a misfit even among the many other girls who are children of divorce. At times her sorrows seem to be piled on a little thick and the authors seem to be stacking the cards against her, but in general they have an assured hand with convincing detail, real insight into the problems of adolescence, and a pleasantly brisk style. They rush their ending a bit and solve Lann's problems in a storybook fashion that is far from convincing after the pressures to which they have subjected their heroine. This apart, you will find "The Early Frost" a highly readable and perhaps informative story.

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND. By Audrey Erskine Lindop. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. In her latest novel Miss Lindop essays the difficult task of making a nasty, avaricious, calculating, destructive, and beautiful woman the focus of our interest for more than four hundred pages. Despite the display of considerable inventiveness in situation she doesn't quite bring it off. Minnie Ball began her climb as a music-hall singer of vulgar ballads in the London of 1870. She ended it as a grande-dame member of the landed aristocracy some sixty years later. In between she tricked Nicholas Gurrel into a loveless marriage, wrecked the lives of her children and friends, and would have wrecked the life of her grandchild if Violet hadn't interfered. Violet is the foil Miss Lindop has provided to the scheming Minnie. Violet is honest, direct, forthright and lovable, and Minnie's servant. We are asked to believe not only in a strange devotion between these two but also in a peculiar blindness on Violet's part which prevents her from seeing through Minnie's machinations until the very end. This is a little hard to do. In the individual scenes portraying Minnie's villainy, Miss Lindop succeeds in capturing and holding our attention but there are too many of them and the cumulative effect is to produce tedium.

DIVINE AVERAGE. By Elithe Hamilton Kirkland. Little, Brown. $3.50. To sizable chunks of Texas history during the years of the border dispute, Mrs. Kirkland has added a slow-paced and long drawn-out romance. It covers almost the full life of Luvisa and Range Templeton. Luvisa had a hard life with Range. There was, first of all, his driving ambition which kept him constantly on the go, herding cattle and horses, earning a fortune, building a kingdom. Then there was the matter of his racial prejudice. He hated Mexicans and did not know that Luvisa had Spanish blood in her ancestry. That was bound to cause trouble, and in the end it did, for her and for her twin children, Luke and Laska. Mrs. Kirkland has plotted her tale solidly and peopled it with a lot of interesting characters taken from Texas history. With her principal characters she is somewhat less successful. Luvisa's devotion is never quite credible and Range's change from a pleasant if ambition-ridden husband to a ruthless tyrant doesn't quite come off even though hints have been dropped along the way. For its color, then, if not for its story, you will probably enjoy "Divine Average."

THE RICHER HARVEST. By Elizabeth Corbett. Lippincott. $3. The phrase "good old Charley" has become a working part of our language and usually conjures up a picture of an amiable but not quite bright character upon whom everybody imposes. That's just the kind of character Miss Corbett has chosen as the improbable hero of her latest inspirational novel, only she obviously thinks that her Charley is more than bright, is in fact on the side of the angels. Charley Hinckley, who grew up in a city just outside Chicago in the years before World War I, was always doing something for somebody: for his doting mother, who doted not on him but on his ne'er-do-well brother, for his ne'er-do-well brother, who dotes on alcohol, and for his widowed sister, who wasn't too pretty and had to be cared for. The result was that while his companions went on to marriage, success, and fortune, Charley plodded along in the old rut, unmarried but spreading sunshine wherever he went. The richer harvest which Miss Corbett bestows upon him is the consolation of a happy heart, a beautiful widow who arrives in his life so late that one wonders if he still will have any interest. Despite Miss Corbett's prodigal use of novelistic clichés I was a little startled to come upon the following sentence on page 229: "Somewhere in the Balkan States at a place named Sarajevo, somebody had assassinated some Balkan princeling." By my count this is the ten thousandth time an author has used this cute introduction to World War I and Miss Corbett deserves some sort of prize for courage.

—*John E. Fryer.*

E. H. Kirkland—"slow paced."

ESCAPE FROM PARADISE. By Katherine Newlin Burt. Scribner's. $3. Mrs. Burt has pulled together, evidently in haste, a number of nineteenth-century plot devices, set them against some Edith Wharton backgrounds, and allowed them to go their own way. Principal characters include Aunt Minnie, presumably the wealthiest woman in the world, and her wards on whom she showers love, affection, and gold, and whose lives she attempts to dominate. The wards are Selene, who is not as otherworldly as she looks; Luke, who is very much of this world but who probably has a nice streak underneath; and Margaret. Margaret is, I regret to say, called Mopsy and she burns genteely for the unworthy Luke. In the end she gets him but not before everybody gets entangled in the aforementioned plot devices. Family secrets and skeletons play a large if not very convincing part, and the problems of having a lot of money are given a thorough airing. The time is the turn of the century but it seems more remote than that.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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ELEPHANT & DONKEY IN CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 8*)

they could be, the men and women covering the convention were studies in boredom. They turned their backs on the rostrum. They talked among themselves, read newspapers, telephoned, pounded their typewriters, and in general displayed a lack of interest as monumental as it was justified. But let a threat of discord or action appear, or let the leaders of important groups emerge after caucusing in some unventilated cubbyhole behind the scenes, and all the reporters were standing up like exclamation points on the long planks which served them as desks.

The initial excitement came at the very first session with the so-called Langlie resolution that challenged the practices of Taftites in the South. Almost immediately, and as if in the interests of confusion, the Brown amendment was added to it. At once the expectancy of the press was communicated to the auditorium. It was during this preliminary crisis that Senator Lodge, tall, handsome, and as swift-moving as a bloodhound on the scent, kept rushing up to the platform from the Massachusetts delegation, unmindful of boos or cheers, to make his demands for fair play. It was then, too, that Senator Saltonstall dashed up from the same group to wave an admonishing finger at the chairman.

IN THE heated public debate that followed, Governor Lodge pled eloquently for the Republican Party to prove to the country that it was uncorrupted from within before it charged the Administration with corruption. At the close of this same stormy session Representative Herter performed an act of mercy by explaining to the befuddled delegates what it was they were voting on.

The roll call that followed was Eisenhower's first triumph. It was an important victory, won on a moral issue by the decisive vote of 658 to 548. The Brown amendment, proposed by the Taft strategists, was in itself an admission of guilt. The refusal to accept this offer and the determination to put the whole matter to the test of a vote by the delegates were proofs of Senator Lodge's wisdom and courage.

Soon thereafter the hearings on the contested delegates were held in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel before the Taft-controlled Credentials Committee. Seldom have committeemen worked harder, longer, or with greater patience. Contrary to the desire of the Taftites and according to the wishes of Eisenhower's supporters, these meetings were not conducted behind closed doors but in public, with spectators and the press present, and with television cameras scrutinizing the scene.

Few climaxes in the convention and no courtroom melodramas have ever been more absorbing than these meetings. The stand of the Southern diehards was hard to follow. They were among the few politicians history has known who appeared to resent the addition of new voters to their party. They were unwilling to realize, as someone pointed out later, that when it comes to the recruiting of Republicans the South is the party's last frontier, and that if its membership is to be increased there converts must be welcomed.

These hearings brought to light facts so sordid and disillusioning that at one point a cynical young man sitting next to me turned to his companion and said, "Gee, this *is* the place to learn politics!" That these sessions split the party temporarily, no one can deny. But, though they were painful operations, they brought the party new health. And on Thursday, with the seating of the hitherto contested delegates from Texas, Georgia, and Louisiana, they brought about the second victory of the Eisenhower forces. It was a victory so conclusive that it can be said that the first ballot by which the General captured the nomination was really the third ballot cast in his favor, all three of which had followed more or less the same pattern.

—*From* The Washington Post.

"And Now a Little Close Harmony."

WHILE, and even before, these hearings were in progress and the convention was in session, a thousand other things were happening downtown in a Chicago so changed by playing host to the convention that the city was almost unrecognizable. Candidates were holding incessant press conferences, appearing on radio or television programs, shaking hands with admirers, courting pivotal political figures, posing for photographs, and speaking to groups of all kinds. Meanwhile, as long as their chances were good, their headquarters in the Conrad Hilton (né Stevens) were besieged with workers, well-wishers, and those in search of free cokes. Strategists were constantly on the telephone or hurrying from caucus to caucus and interview to interview, while their countless lesser henchmen were rushing around feverishly, doing whatever they were asked to do. The candidates' wives were no less overworked, forced as they were to maintain unbroken smiles, to give tactful answers to embarrassing questions, and to meet and shake hands with hordes of people.

Wearying yet stimulating, sleep-robbing yet eventful as the hectic

The Gay Giraffe Seems Specialized

By Howard Griffin

THE gay giraffe seems
specialized
beyond necessity
(the error ours)—his range of
reach
encompasses each tree;

the peristaltic snake extends
a hinged lip
and throws a tongue ahead
of him
like a carnival whip.

Termite-hands of gossamer
can take a horse apart,
retractile wires, full-equipped
by device of God.

The spider elegantly wafts
geometry of gauze;
he manufactures sticking-tape
with interior cause.

But man must emulate the fox
and monkeys mimic man;
the human attributes of bees
are humaner than ours.

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days and nights were, they were not without their lighter side.

There was the paragraph, for example, on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*, a pro-Taft paper if ever there was one, which in describing the arrival of its candidate reported, quite solemnly, that a "band made up of Taftites playing a strange but rhythmic instrument known as the bombast" was on hand to greet the Senator.

There was the radio announcer who, toward three o'clock one morning, in exhausted tones confessed that his "feets were tired," adding that he thought that sounded wrong but he was certain Kaltenborn would correct him.

There was the hilarious interlude, at least it sounded hilarious after what had gone before, when the names of the Puerto Rican delegates and an alternate caused a lot of confusion.

There were the cries demanding that the Virgin Islands' delegation, consisting of one man, should be polled.

There was the time when Congressman Martin, understandably weary as the chairman, announced that General Eisenhower would meet Senators and Representatives in Room So-and-so at the Blackstone Hell.

There was the reception at the Palmer House at which Mrs. Eisenhower's well-wishers serenaded her with a song, the words of which, so help me, ran:

Mamie, what a wonderful name is Mamie,
In her heart burns a flame for the man that she loves, and her family too.
"Missus America" thru and thru is Mamie, with her style and her grace she's a lady oh so grand!
Mamie what a wonderful name for the First Lady of our Land.

Now that it is all over, Governor Fine's performance must be counted among the more ludicrous features of the convention. Until the decisive vote was in, no candidate or his staff would have dared to smile at the Governor's ambivalent allegiances; his antics, peppery or Pickwickian; or his fogbound vocabulary, with its "but's" followed by "if's" and its "if's" somehow welded to "however's." Fine's manners were nonexistent when he killed Martin's speech by grabbing Governors Dewey, Lodge, and Adams and insisting against their will that they be photographed together right under the rostrum.

YET the Pennsylvania governor was Lord Chesterfield himself compared to Dirksen, when in the presence of the whole convention the Senator from Illinois pointed at Dewey and cried, "We followed you before and you took us down the road to defeat." It was discourteous enough for the Republicans not to have invited their two-time candidate for the Presidency, and the titular head of their party, to address the convention, but for Dirksen, who is a vibrant and accomplished, if over-elocutionary, speaker, to sink to such bathospheric levels of taste must have come as a shock even to those who know and admire him. The only comfort to be had from this uncomfortable incident came from the inherent sense of fair play in the spectators, which prompted them to follow their booing of Dewey with an ovation for him.

Fortunately, the delegates, already tardy in their schedule, were wise enough to devote only a few minutes to adopting the platform. This was hard on John Foster Dulles and the others who had toiled long and conscientiously to make it acceptable. They must have known, even while they slaved, that a party platform is a compromise achieved with anguish, written in sweat, and about as binding as a set of New Year's resolutions.

Once the platform was out of the way, the convention got down to its real business—the selection of a candidate. Where there had been noise, there was only silence. Everyone knew that, after all the foolishness, the major maneuvering and minor skirmishing, the largesse of bromides, and the months of planning and hoping, the great moment had come. The roll call from Alabama to the Virgin Islands is a drum beat no one can listen to without a quickening heart. As surely as it puts an end to past dreams and labors, it may change the future's course. History is in its mounting figures; history made by the slow accretion of four votes here or ninety-two there.

—*From* The Chicago Sun-Times.

"Unseated."

Nearly everyone in the auditorium recorded the balloting on a tally sheet, gratefully writing down the returns from the smaller states but waiting nervously to hear from the larger ones. Gradually it became clear that Eisenhower was ahead, even as he had been in the two preliminary tests of his strength. By the time the roll of the states and territories was completed, the score stood Eisenhower 595, Taft 500, Warren 81, Stassen 20, MacArthur 10. Eisenhower needed nine more votes to win.

Within seconds of each other Pennsylvania's and Minnesota's placards were lifted high to catch Martin's eye, and the leaders of these delegations were calling, "Mr. Chairman!" "Mr. Chairman!" If the chair chose to recognize Stassen's Minnesota and grant it the privilege of being the President-maker, Martin's personal reasons were understandable enough.

The bandwagon had started rolling. Delegates from state after state altered their allegiance and came to Eisenhower's banner. The shifting was so precipitous that, when this first and only ballot was declared closed, the General's 595 had risen to 845, and Taft's 500 had dwindled to 280. It was Senator Bricker of Ohio who, with great gallantry and genuine emotion, moved that Eisenhower's nomination be declared unanimous.

All the amenities were at once complied with. Eisenhower, upon hearing

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 475

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 475 will be found in the next issue.

CGAH BD BNK MGKPL

GKP ENO G CBKERF SGH

BD TBBWRAQ GO BNK

XKRZRTPQPL. SGTOPK

LMBOO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 474

In times of crisis we must avoid both ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.

—JOHN STUART MILL

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the news, slipped across the street from the Blackstone to the Hilton to have a friendly talk with Taft. Warren and Stassen sent wires. But, according to the most authentic reports, Eisenhower received no telegram from MacArthur reading, "Congratulations to my new commander-in-chief."

Late that afternoon thirty-nine-year-old Richard M. Nixon, junior Senator from California, was nominated for the Vice Presidency by acclamation. The young Elephant was taking over, even as he was soon to take command of the Republican National Committee.

ABOUT eight o'clock that night General and Mrs. Eisenhower and the Nixons arrived at the auditorium. Although the party was tumultuously cheered, the General did not strut down the aisle like a conqueror. He walked to the rostrum as part of a crowd. Unmistakably he was a happy man. He was smiling that irresistible, broad-gauged smile of his which neither individuals nor multitudes can withstand.

When he stepped to the front of the platform, he radiated humility and sincerity. By his own admission, he was a newcomer to political conventions, but he is plainly the kind of man who is at home anywhere. Although modesty and confidence are seldom found together, no one could fail to sense that Eisenhower possesses both. Already he has evolved his own gesture to acknowledge the cheers of crowds. It is a great, expansive V-for-Victory formed by flinging both his arms jubilantly into the air.

In his speech of acceptance Eisenhower said, "I know something of the solemn responsibility of leading a crusade. I have led one. . . . I accept your summons. I will lead this crusade."

Unquestionably he will.

(The second instalment will follow when the Democratic Convention has chosen its candidates.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore. 2. Mowgli, in "The Jungle Book," by Kipling. 3. Perdita, in "The Winter's Tale," by Shakespeare. 4. Lucy Ferrier, in "A Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle. 5. "Oliver Twist," by Dickens. 6. Mary Lennox, in "The Secret Garden," by F. H. Burnett. 7. Celia, in "The Blunderer," by Molière. 8. "Tom Jones," by Fielding. 9. Peter Pan, in "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie. 10. Jack Worthing, in "The Importance of Being Ernest," by Wilde.

The Film Forum

SOCIAL PLAGUES

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

ALCOHOLISM. *Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. Wilmette, Ill.* (20 *min.*)

Supplementing the earlier production "Alcohol and the Human Body," which dealt with physical reactions of alcohol on brain and body, this film goes into a subtler treatment of the individual who finds "exaggerated gratification" in alcohol and who left to himself cannot control his drinking. When alcoholic Ed Grimer finally consults a specialist, after having tried one kind of cure after another, he has lost his family, friends, and job. As he tells his story to the doctor, the film reviews brief episodes of Ed's childhood and longer scenes of his adult life pointing out the instability of his personal relationships and his increasing dependence on the bottle. From the doctor's files other cases are picked out and pictured with succinct realism. After a number of probing interviews, Ed begins to realize that he cannot ever be a controlled drinker. The only hope is that he will find understanding, incentive, and support enough to continue his life without alcohol.

The film ends by stating the need for public understanding of alcoholism as a symptom of illness, and a plea for more clinics and treatment centers. "Alcoholism" is a competent production, marking a number of gratifying innovations in style, content, and technique for its producers who long have worked solely within the narrow limitations of classroom "teaching" films.

DRUG ADDICTION. *Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill.* (22 *min.*)

This is another praiseworthy example of the current public-interest films being released by EBF. By intentionally omitting scenes that show how drugs are actually injected, it avoids the criticisms leveled at earlier productions on the subject (Canada's "Drug Addict" and Young America's "H—The Story of a Teen-Age Drug Addict"). In every other way, however, this new film is as frank and revealing as the subject demands. Its story tells how teen-aged Marty Demelon gets started on marijuana, tries heroin on a dare, becomes an addict and finally a peddler of the stuff. Surrounding the miserable plight of the boy is a network of crooks who smuggle and sell narcotic drugs, making million-dollar business of human degradation and crime.

Prevention is the surest cure for drug addiction, the film states, and it makes a strong plea that young people avoid all experimentation with all drugs. Cure is possible, but it is slow, difficult, and costly. For the level-headed way in which "Drug Addiction" tackles its problems, it has been well received by many educators and professional people. It still seems likely that all films on drug addiction should be shown only under the careful supervision of someone who feels personally competent to handle ticklish questions from the audience—whether adolescents or adults.

SUBJECT: NARCOTICS. *Producted by Sanders Productions for the Narcotics Educational Foundation of America, 1645 N. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Calif* (20 *min., color*)

Intended for use with police officers and responsible educational leaders, this is a hard-hitting effort to put a stop to the illegal traffic in narcotics. Although it stresses the fact that prevention is the best and only real solution, much attenion is given to the details of recognizing the addict's paraphernalia, and to the correct legal procedures in obtaining evidence against peddler and addict. The film is competently written and directed by Denis and Terry Sanders, two young men who have received much of their film training at the University of California at Los Angeles. This film is not available for general use.

BIRTHRIGHT. *Produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service, for the Georgia Public Health Dept. Distributed by Communication Materials Center, Columbia University Press, 411 W. 117th St., New York 27, N. Y.* (45 *min.*)

The locale is a rural community in Georgia; the characters, a chicken farmer, his family and neighbors, and the nearby townspeople. The subject: syphilis. Without using a narration to point out the significance of pictured events, the film sketches all too understandably how a young farmer quarrels with his wife and parents, angrily goes off to town and gets involved with a bar-room waitress. Some time later, by chance, he goes to a health clinic and discovers that he has contracted syphilis. His feelings about himself, the waitress, his wife, his child, and now the unborn child his wife is carrying are well portrayed in the dialogue and action.

The film's message is well conveyed: that every woman should see a doctor as soon as she knows she is pregnant, for treated soon enough the disease can be stopped before it affects the baby. George Stoney has written an essentially "right" script, Bill Clifford's direction of real Georgia people is able and convincing; and Louis Applebaum has again come through with an effective musical score. "Birthright," like the films reviewed above, was designed for a particular purpose and need not be shown indiscriminately. It should be added that the sound-tract is uneven, and in places the voices are so Southern that even a Southerner found it hard to understand them.

—CECILE STARR.

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EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 20*)

Agency, were employed by the National Council on Social Work Education for the purpose of discovering such facts as might lead to the improvement of social work education. In pursuit of this goal they have incidentally cast considerable light on the manner in which professions grow in American civilization.

The Hollis-Taylor report begins with the assumption that social work is too narrowly conceived. Its skills have much wider application than is now possible under existing restrictions of both public and private agencies. Future social workers should be trained as social workers and not as specialists in child welfare, group work, psychiatric case work, etc. When this becomes feasible there will be a rapid expansion of the profession.

Growth in the direction of genuine professionalism is, however, dependent upon other considerations. Social work needs a unified organization which can speak authoritatively to the public. Its basic concepts need to be taught to undergraduates, and professional schools need to come to terms with modern concepts of appropriate curriculum-building. As these improvements are inaugurated it will also become necessary to weave the graduate schools of social work into the fabric of university life and practice, as has already occurred with other graduate departments.

These recommendations seem both cogent and within the realm of practical acceptance. A profession approaches maturity when its functions are definable in simple terms comprehensible to the layman; when it operates under the dispensation of a philosophy and a moral code; when its practitioners are regarded as responsible persons and are rewarded with appropriate salaries; when its prospective members may be trained in schools capable of transmitting a reliable body of knowledge and skills; and when such training is an organic part of university life. In all these respects social work is, according to Mr. Hollis and Miss Taylor, remiss. This could be asserted with equal assurance in the case of all other professions in varying degrees. What seems assuring about the new profession of social work is that its leaders are in the mood to accept criticism and are prepared to move forward into that large field of usefulness which is predicted in this study.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PASSIONATE VICTIMS *Lange Lewis* (Bobbs: $2.50)	LA school-girl done in; six years pass; new crisis brings in lady cop and Prof. Mordecai Fentwill.	Throwback technique; panorama pretty broad; characters abundant, but writing and handling are mature.	Worthwhile
THE MYSTERY OF MARIE LAFARGE *Edith Saunders* (Morrow: $3.50)	Fact case, France, 1840: *Haute-monde* gal tried for arsenic slaughter of hubby.	Puzzle may have jolted Paris but fails to wear well; treatment lacks zip; honest workmanship.	Slow-paced
THE MAN WHO LOOKED BACK *Joan Fleming* (Crime Club: $2.50)	British realtor tires of wife, attempts trade-in for new model; Yard and Doc Lostock interested.	Moves nicely in spots, but lack of organization handcuffs reader.	So-so
DEATH WEARS PINK SHOES *Robert James* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Old residents of N. Y. building in tizzy as aged male associate turns up in ballet slippers, not breathing.	Inspector Cherney, investigating, forced to put up with excessive doses of dialogue.	Alla-time talk

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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FARAWAY PLACES

(*Continued from page 16*)

themselves refugees, others kept their homes and families in Norway, and many of them died or were killed on the cruises which entailed everything from rescuing hunted Norse patriots to attempts at blowing up German warships. Howarth's last sentence declares that "to ascribe glory to the violent death of any young man loving life is only to add further folly to the failure of human wisdom which is the cause of war." The cynical will describe as folly the almost incredible risks and labors undertaken, and often not overcome, by this splinter fleet of the Norwegian underground; but there is mute glory for the spirit of men so unconquerable that they risk everything, lives and possessions and the security of their families, to accomplish what could never be more than puny damage to an enemy of all mankind.

—CAPTAIN WALTER KARIG, U.S.N.

GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC. By David Stick. University of North Carolina Press. $5. Cape Hatteras juts into the Atlantic at a point where wind, current, and shifting sand bars come together to create some of the world's worst hazards to shipping. Since the sixteenth century hundreds of craft of all kinds have been swamped in hurricanes that sweep past the Cape from southern waters, grounded on the shoals that form and reform off the Cape, or pounded to bits by the storm-driven surf on the beaches that extend from Virginia to South Carolina. The interest of the general reader may be dulled by these scores of repetitive accounts of sinkings, groundings, and rescues, but anyone with special interest in seafaring will find them absorbing and instructive.

There is plenty of human as well as technical interest here, though: young lovers cast away on a raft, a dog that took a line ashore from a stranded ship, and the epic accomplishments of Dunbar Davis, a Life-saving Service man who, going without food or sleep for two days, supervised and helped in the rescue of survivors from five different ships in distress off Cape Fear in the great August hurricane of 1893. These lifeboatmen, most of them natives of the Banks, emerge as the real heroes of Mr. Stick's yarns, and only the advent of electronic aids to navigation has ended their story and that of the Graveyard off Hatteras.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 957

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hungarian-born painter, designer, etc., in Chicago (1895-1946).	148 45 142 178 53 127 164 22 31 106
B. Applied to the simplicity in public ceremony of a certain President of the U. S.	185 37 184 16 32 136 19 5 56 51 / 150 113
C. A kind of firecracker.	57 191 157 10 21 35
D. The earth immediately below the surface (2 wds.).	70 139 46 96 17 26 153 186 107 165
E. Applied to a "Hill" district in London, Eng., formerly the haunt of ballad singers.	90 30 173 156 47 13 38
F. Norwegian navigator who explored Greenland and named it (10th century).	18 29 2 190 147 137 159 71 167 83
G. In the Kuomintang, one of the five departments of government.	43 28 129 49
H. Members of a religious order living in a convent community.	176 67 63 155 144 55 188 143 140
I. Exclamation expressing dejection, weariness, etc. (comp.).	74 54 103 126 116 181 172
J. A faithful friend (of classic origin).	161 4 158 33 141 98 3
K. Any return or succession in a series.	130 119 11 84 105 58 76 95
L. Play by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon which ran in N.Y. City, 1918-1921.	121 163 78 166 42 34 80 111
M. Heathen; pagan.	108 20 79 100 62 180
N. Dangerous (Scot.).	82 40 112 115 102 89
O. Pertaining to a great theoretical physicist or his theories.	110 48 9 187 72 183 23 162 41 138 / 92
P. A religion of sorcery practiced by Negroes of West Indies and southern U. S.	109 27 122 114 60 69 12 146 160
Q. A mulatto, leader of "Boston massacre," 1770, one of three killed by the British.	88 65 97 77 68 86 131
R. The hypothetical core material of the earth, of nickel and iron (geol.).	125 8 179 99
S. Author of "Caleb West, Master Diver," 1898.	133 6 94 61 171
T. Retired into or remained in seclusion or inactivity, figuratively.	168 182 7 154 75 24 39 101 177 87
U. A title given to a very old Negro in southern U. S.	152 14 50 120 117
V. To come near to (naut.; 3 wds.).	170 128 36 132 93 123 175 81 1
W. A fabulous winged animal half horse and half griffin.	66 189 134 52 15 64 85 91 118 174
X. Highly trained Swiss front-line troops.	149 59 124 25 145
Y. A Dutch astronomer (1872-1934; preceded by "de").	151 169 44 73 135 104

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

						1 V	2 F	3 J		4 J	5 B	6 S	7 T	8 R	9 O	10 C	11 K	12 P
13 E	14 U		15 W	16 B		17 D	18 F	19 B	20 M	21 C	22 A	23 O	24 T	25 X		26 D		
27 P	28 G	29 F	30 E	31 A	32 B		33 J	34 L	35 C		36 V	37 B	38 E	39 T	40 N	41 O		
42 L	43 G		44 Y	45 A		46 D	47 E	48 O	49 G	50 U	51 B	52 W	53 A	54 I		55 H		
56 B		57 C	58 K	59 X	60 P	61 S	62 M	63 H	64 W		65 Q	66 W	67 H		68 Q	69 P		
70 D	71 F	72 O		73 Y	74 I	75 T	76 K	77 Q	78 L	79 M		80 L	81 V	82 N		83 F		
84 K	85 W	86 Q		87 T	88 Q	89 N	90 E		91 W	92 O		93 V	94 S	95 K	96 D	97 Q		
98 J	99 R	100 M		101 T	102 N	103 I	104 Y	105 K	106 A	—	107 D	108 M	109 P	110 O	111 L			
112 N	113 B	114 P		115 N	116 I	117 U		118 W	119 K	120 U	121 L	122 P	123 V	124 X	125 R	126 I		
	127 A	128 V	129 G	130 K	131 Q		132 V	133 S		134 W	135 Y	136 B	137 F	138 O	139 D	140 H		
	141 J	142 A	143 H		144 H	145 X	146 P	147 F		148 A	149 X	150 B	151 Y	152 U	153 D	154 T		
	155 H	156 E		157 C	158 J	159 F		160 P	161 J	162 O		163 L	164 A		165 D	166 L		
167 F		168 T	169 Y	170 V	171 S		172 I	173 E	174 W	175 V	176 H	177 T		178 A	179 R			
180 M	181 I	182 T	183 O	184 B		185 B	186 D	187 O	188 H	189 W	190 F	191 C						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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Working with Ravel

MADELEINE GREY

SHORTLY after my first professional appearance, which took place at Paris with the maiden performance of Gabriel Fauré's "Mirages," composed for my use (1915), I sang with an orchestra for the first time, at a Pasdeloup concert conducted by Rhené Baton. The concert over, backstage I observe coming towards me an elegant little gentleman: black-and-white checked suit, straw hat, walking-stick in hand. He congratulates me, in his special way, which is at once entirely discreet and very cordial, and asks me if I would be willing to occupy myself with certain melodies of his that he deems particularly suitable for me.

When I asked the "little gentleman's" name, I was told that it was Maurice Ravel. My lucky star had ordained that the day's programme included his "Alborado del gracioso," which he had just orchestrated. It hurts to confess that even while hearing his name I had absolutely no realization of the honor he was paying me. Although since my eleventh year I had not missed one Sunday Colonne concert, although my home influence had completely imbued me with fervor for the classics, I had had only the smallest opportunity to hear the music of Ravel. True, besides the songs of Fauré, I had worked at those of other modern musicians; but Ravel was still reputed an extremely bold and difficult innovator. Naively I had to confess my ignorance to him. He was not annoyed. Like all great artists aware of their genius, Ravel was free of thin-skinned vanity.

So he sent me the "Chansons Hébraïques," which captivated me. Soon I went to Saint-Cloud to sing them to him in the pretty villa of Madame Vonnet, where he lived. I departed overjoyed, my arms loaded with white roses that he had plucked in the garden. He had the exquisite courtesy of another age. Many a time later I had occasion to remark it.

Since that day at Saint-Cloud my admiration for the work of Ravel has done nothing but grow. It is hard for me to express the force of this admiration. The sensuality of the melody, the subtlety of the harmonies, the power of evocation, everything that the music of Ravel contains both of revery and profound reality has transfixed me. I never tire of it. An association ever more intimate has not been able to weaken the enchantment.

In presence of the fervent worshiper that without resistance I had become, Ravel stayed always the same, as spontaneous, as unpretentious, as the day when he had come to ask a novice to interpret his works. At the very summit of glory, nothing ever changed in his attitude or in his character.

It is impossible to imagine a traveling-companion personally more agreeable, more serenely gay. Our barnstormings in Spain remain for me a treasury of happy memories.

Born of a Latin father and a Basque mother, Ravel had a childhood lulled by Spanish melodies. A feeling for Spain impregnates his whole work, from the "Habanera" (1895) up to the tunes of "Don Quichotte à Dulcinée," with the "Heure Espagnole" and the "Boléro" on the way. Thus Spain, among all the countries which nourished the imagination of this artist in love with exoticism, was the one where the adventure of a journey, this time real, was destined to acquire most meaning and savor.

For here the character of Ravel, always distracted, the enemy of time-pieces, united with the picturesque customs of the country to make our travels a farcical epic.

Enemy of time-pieces . . . For those who knew him well, what a delicious irony in his comic opera, "L'Heure Espa-

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gnole," where the curtain rises on a clocksmith's shop: alarm-clocks, mantel-clocks, cuckoo-clocks tick away competitively as if to avenge themselves on one who so despises them, who never arrives on time, and whom dawn repeatedly surprises, wide-awake, in some fashionable night-club or another, the Grand Ecart or the Boeuf sur le Toit.

Our hotel was never very far from the station; but just the same the train was always on the point of pulling out while Ravel was still in his room fastening his luggage, particularly the huge valise crammed with half a dozen suits of delectable hue—bluish gray, pinkish gray, lavender—with assorted socks, ties, and handkerchiefs. We were indeed lucky when he did not meditate exhaustively on the color of the suit he was going to wear!

The last whistle would resound. Ravel would rush at last upon the platform, refusing to relinquish to the porter, if by chance there was one, his magnificent pigskin briefcase which was always with him. And if there was no porter, frequently the case at little way-stations, he would insist on carrying my own suitcase, accomplishing, in fright of seeing us miss the train on his account, prodigies of agility and strength. Who could have divined, in this bewildered but smiling little fellow, overwhelmed with valises as big as himself, one of the greatest if not the greatest musician of our time?

To cap the farce our luggage was soon increased by an enormous bunch of bananas; for I had had to give up the appetizing Spanish cuisine, fat, heavy, and spicy, which disagreed with me.

If my viaticum consisted of bananas, Ravel's was of tobacco. He was an unrepentant smoker. I knew that already. Before the Spanish journey, I remember one of our trips into Eastern France—Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Belfort, Nancy—during which I was torn by conflicting scruples: to keep Ravel from smoking or to imagine the catastrophe, actually pretty improbable, of a paroxysm (*quinte*, which means also, in music, a fifth—tr.) of coughing while making an entrance. But at the slightest shade of disapproval on my features he crushed his cigarette or left to smoke it outside, anathematizing me gaily.

He smoked nothing but "blues" (the cheapest and most devastating of French cigarettes, a true trial of strength—tr.); he brought a huge supply into Spain with him, in his suitcases and his pockets, never bringing himself to smoke the native tobacco.

Dear Ravel—I dwell on all his little worries, on all mine, on the big ones too: on this frightful bugaboo which poisoned every one of my tours, on the fear of accounting badly for the work I loved among all; and I perceive that in this intimate association with an artist of genius, in this give-and-take of work and travel, I did not really benefit from Ravel's presence. Now, afterwards, long afterwards, when they are already distant and ravished from us by time, the rich qualities of that presence gleam with all their brilliance.

FOR eighteen years I wore a label: Ambassadress of the music of Ravel. And it was true, at least from 1925 on. Ravel dead, I carried on, with even more fidelity and ardor. I have sung his melodies everywhere abroad and for all the great musical societies of France. Without vanity, but with a proper pride, I can say that from the moment when I gave the "Hébraïques" their first hearing I was Ravel's interpreter.

The "Hébraïques" having had a considerable success, Ravel wished to orchestrate "Meyerke" for me, a song half Hebrew half jargon, half religious half profane, which was one of a group of popular songs (comprising one Italian, one French, one Spanish besides), a youthful work formerly presented at a competition in Russia. This orchestration, which has never been published, is in my possession, and I have repeatedly put "Meyerke" in my programs, between the two other Hebraic songs: the "Kaddisch" and the "Enigme éternelle."

Let's go back to Spain. My companion did not care to display himself in places where his presence would have made a sensation. He got along somehow with his three words of Spanish, even when tracking down savory regional dishes. He was a gourmet (and wasn't he astonished, at Marseilles, by the appearance of hives after a giddying consumption of sea-urchins!)

In most of the Spanish cities where we gave concerts he was greeted enthusiastically. At Granada in particular, thanks to Manuel de Falla, who welcomed and guided us, our stay was an enchantment and Ravel had a real triumph. Falla conducted us through the marvelous maze of the Alhambra. Just when one believes everything seen and admired, and when a last stairway can lead only to the open sky, there is still the surprise of a last patio—is it the last?—silent, austere, in the perfect grace of its columns. And down below Granada spread-eagled like a white beast overcome by the sun.

—*The Bettmann Archive*

Maurice Ravel (1915)—"an exquisite refinement."

HOWEVER, not all southern cities granted us so amiable a greeting. I remember a concert at Malaga, where, group by group, the public, no doubt musically indifferent and even less susceptible to modern music, walked out with discretion and politeness, but walked out just the same. After the concert when it was time to acknowledge the applause we had nothing left in front of us but empty seats. Anyone but Ravel would have betrayed irritation. He took my arm: "Let's get a move on," he said, laughing. The episode seemed to him absurdly amusing, and reminded him, he said, of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. He felt complete sympathy for this public which had, instead of

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understanding and even patience, the courage of its opinion.

At the French embassy another disillusionment, which amused him no less. Requested to play his "Sonatine," he goes to the piano. Refreshments had been served a few moments before. Noise of conversation, scraping of chairs, clinking of glasses and spoons. Exasperated, Ravel becomes confused, and anxious to extricate himself tacks on the coda of the finale to the exposition of the first movement. The inattention of the hearers (so to speak) was such that the episode passed unnoticed and everyone came up to congratulate Ravel, delighted with his involuntary hoax.

I hasten to add that those misadventures were quite exceptional in his career; and it is only that which permits me to recall them and savor them again with him in all their absurdity. The author of "Daphnis" was never a neglected genius. He had the good fortune, so rare, of seeing his contemporaries welcome him, everywhere in the world, with sympathy and enthusiasm.

ADMIRERS of the music found the man not inferior. At a supper, in connection with a concert we had given at Lyons, Edouard Herriot was dazzled as much by the brilliant and ingenious mind of Ravel as he had been by his music.

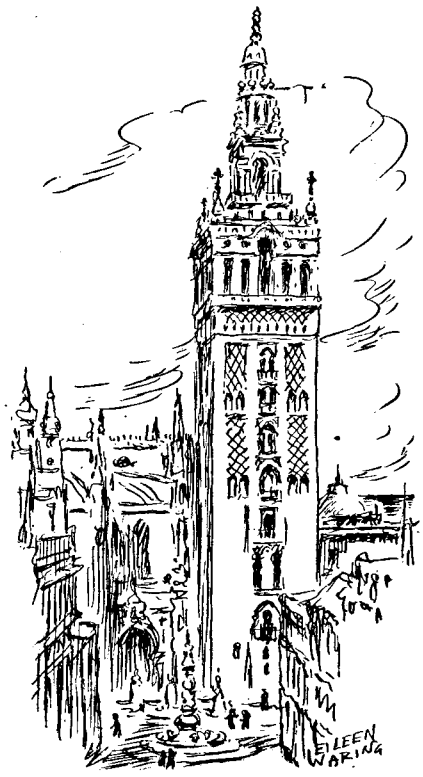
If he expressed in his music a deep sensibility and a sharp sense of observation, he had to an equal degree penetration and power to transmit verbally to his interpreters what he had observed and felt and what he wished them to feel in turn. When I was working at his "Histoires naturelles" he commented on the musical text in an extremely illuminating way. By a word, a gesture, a subtle comparison he recreated before me the pictures his music expresses and underlines and thus helped me find the most efficacious means of vocal expression.

On the other hand, for the "Madécasses," which I was studying alone, I had the joy of finding spontaneously the interpretation that he most wished. He, so difficult, so exacting (as much for his own work as for the interpreter's), proclaimed himself fully satisfied. If I make this rather personal point it is because I see in it the proof that despite his gemcutter's nicety he was not dogmatic. It is not often that one finds the one without the other.

Around 1932, Ravel asked me to record for Polydor, under his direction, the "Hébraïques" and the "Madécasses"; a valuable reconstruction of his interpretational intent, particularly for the latter, so difficult, subtle, bare, which Ravel considered his most interesting vocal work, his most original.

When he accompanied me, at Colonne or Lamoureux concerts, and at the "Ahouah!" of the second "Madécasse," where I had to take off alone on a G, he dabbed the key with an encouraging finger: "They will think I am flicking off the dust, don't you see?" The little comedy was repeated every time, and after a while I no longer knew if it amused or annoyed me.

He attached capital importance to the requirements of prosody; and insisted on a rigorous fidelity to his



own texts. Indeed, everything there is measured, commandeered, with perfect intelligence, precision, and art. People have been permitted to believe that towards the end of his life illness dimmed that admirable lucidity. That is not so and I can give the proof here:

A few months before his death, already very ill, Ravel came to my house to hear "Don Quichotte à Dulcinée," which I sang to him, accompanied by Francis Poulenc. When I had finished I asked his opinion. He seemed distracted and one might have thought that he was hardly aware of what he had just heard. But then he made a very exact observation concerning a tiny rhythmic liberty that I had permitted myself: I had fancied a rest of a quarter-beat, not foreseen by the author. He had noticed this trifling alteration of his text, and although it was not a question of an involuntary error but a deliberate choice on my part, he maintained his own position with energy: if he had not indicated such a rest, he had had his precise reasons, and he retained a full knowledge of those reasons.

It has seemed valuable to me to record this memory, not only to rectify an error in the biography of Ravel, but above all to let singers know to what a degree the composer's notations should be rigorously observed. His intention on this point was categorical. Because of this singers can hardly feel anything but gratitude, for Ravel has accomplished for the interpreter what no other musician has done: he has foreseen everything. Among several possible musical interpretations of a given poetic text, he has always chosen the best, the aptest, the truest.

He was not a good conductor but he conducted his "Boléro" with mastery. One recalls the famous conductor who, having decided to force the pace of the "Boléro," failed to obtain Ravel, but above all to let singers "Boléro" ought to be entirely under control, concentrated and giving ceaselessly an impression not of speed but of being implacably reined.

Ravel had been an excellent pianist but had lost his virtuosity. In "La Ronde," where the words are his own and every couplet is louder than the preceding one, the volubility of the language is such that to finish the tour de force we flippantly agreed to "get together again at the last chord."

This "Ronde" is part of the "Three Songs for Voice and Chorus." I have often sung them with the extraordinary choir of Saint Jean de Luz, where I habitually passed my summers near the master. He was partial to choirs, which gave more life and movement to his songs.

It was in 1930, for the dedication of the "Quai Maurice Ravel" at Saint Jean de Luz, near his birthplace, that I took part in the magnificent festival of Ravel's works given at Biarritz in his honor, with the coöperation of Jacques Thibaut, Robert Casadesus, and Philippe Gaubert, who for this occasion had consented to tackle again his old instrument the flute, accompanying me in the "Madécasses" . . . At this festival and dedication the entire Parisian press and many of the most famous citizens of the world of art and letters came down there to honor the composer. The day ended with an enormous banquet.

Saint Jean de Luz, inseparable in my memory from Ravel himself! I went back last summer, to sing in a private festival consecrated to the Basque musician. To my joy I was given hospitality by Edouard Ravel, the artist's brother. The citizens of the little city, merchants, hairdressers,

(*Continued on page* 47)

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THE OTHER SIDE

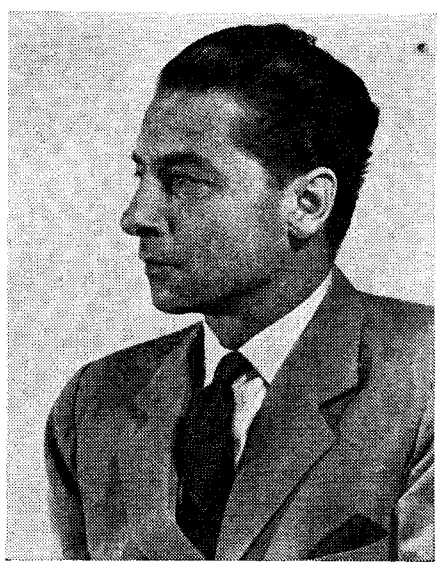
(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE past few weeks have revealed that many of the symphony orchestras in this country are facing a situation for which desperate is scarcely too strong a word. This is the time of year when contracts are renewed for the next season, and the first disturbing news reached the public when Bournemouth Corporation announced that its famed Municipal Orchestra, with a proud tradition of some sixty years behind it, would be disbanded because of the heavy strain it imposed on the city's exchequer. Next came the announcement that the City of Birmingham Orchestra (b. 1920) was in future to be placed under contract for only six months in the year, while the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra, a postwar body sponsored jointly by several Northern cities such as Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, and others, is known to be in difficulties since some of the municipalities have withdrawn their support. When we add to these dismal facts that even Manchester's Hallè Orchestra (founded in 1857) is on the brink of disaster and has had to organize a special series of "Pop" concerts in order to enable it to continue, and that the London Philharmonic has been balanced on a knife's edge ever since the London County Council slashed its subsidy on political grounds last year, it will be seen that we have reached a state of acute crisis. The musical profession, as might be expected, views the future with extreme pessimism, and many orchestral players are being forced to forsake music.

Naturally not one of these orchestras is likely to go down without a fight: even in Bournemouth supporters are attempting to raise a sufficiently large sum with which to tempt the Corporation to reconsider its decision, while an attempt was also made to forge a musical link between Birmingham and Bournemouth, allowing the two cities to share an orchestra. Yet there seems little hope while local governments continue their present policy of retrenchment, for in such times cultural activities are generally the first to suffer. It is no accident that this should have taken place at a time when the center of government has shifted towards the political right, for the hard-headed, practical businessmen do not regard with favor any enterprise not capable of showing a profit-balance, and from the increased anti-cultural bias in some sections of the press it is evident that the spirit of Hermann ("When I hear the word Culture, I reach for my gun") Goering is again amongst us.

One orchestra which seems to go from strength to strength while others are tottering is the Philharmonia. This orchestra, however, is rather more favorably placed since it does not operate on a permanent contract basis and has in addition the invaluable backing of EMI and the Maharajah of Mysore. This Indian prince in fact provides what must be one of the last examples of large-scale musical patronage by an individual, and Walter Legge, the enterprising founder and artistic director of the Philharmonia Orchestra, is to be congratulated on having persuaded the Maharajah to extend his support to include "live" music. The recent, highly successful tour of Western Europe by Karajan and the Philharmonia was aided in this way; when they played at La Scala in Milan Toscanini was so impressed with the orchestra that he readily accepted Walter Legge's invitation to conduct it at the Royal Festival Hall in the early autumn. This is all the more remarkable since it will be the first orchestra other than the NBC or that of La Scala for Toscanini to appear with in something like a decade. It may even provide discophiles with the opportunity of hearing him perform once again with a British orchestra in a British studio (conditions which yielded such happy results in prewar days).



Karajan—"towers over the European scene."

EMI's so-called summer lull continues on its drowsy way and each month the ranks of 78-rpm releases seem to shrink further. From Columbia I have so far received precisely one recording, albeit a stunning one; it is Berlioz's thrilling overture "Les Francs-Juges," marvelously played by the Philharmonia under the direction of Paul Kletzki. The recording, too, must rank among the finest 78s ever produced and significantly did not come to us via tape. I do not know why this should be so, but whenever an EMI recording sounds particularly good an examination of the matrix number almost invariably reveals that it was directly waxed at the recording session, a state of affairs which does not augur well for EMI's first steps in the LP field. On HMV we have Cherubini's splendid "Anacreon" Overture, played with dignity and style by the Vienna Philharmonic under Furtwängler, and a competent but altogether too breezy performance—by Malko and the Philharmonia—of the "Flying Dutchman" Overture.

THE late Dinu Lipatti was not only a pianist of unique gifts, but also a composer of considerable talent who had studied with Nadia Boulanger. On Parlophone Lipatti's pupil Bela Siki has recorded his "Sonatina for the Left Hand," which consists of three short movements, the last strongly reminiscent of Bartok. Siki plays the attractive, yet rather somber little work with sympathetic skill and he is well recorded. In complete contrast to the Sonatina are Schubert's "Ländler," Op. 171, a delightful string of some dozen dances in the composer's most beguiling manner. Unfortunately Cortot is disappointing here, his performance (on one HMV disc) is frequently muddy and he does not altogether capture that Viennese lilt.

On Parlophone there is a new soprano from Italy, Maria Minazzi, who has recorded a pleasant trifle, "Chi il bel sogno di Doretta," from Puccini's virtually unknown opera "La Rondine," written in the year before the Trittico. Minazzi appears to have an agreeable lyric soprano, but despite a certain amount of youthful charm her singing is still immature. On the other side is Manon's "Addio o nostro piccol desco," of which several sopranos have given us better versions in recent years. Notable among these was Victoria de los Angeles, whose

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latest contribution to the HMV list consists of two further Spanish folksongs. Accompanied on two guitars by Renata and Graciano Tarrago she sings the serene Catalan carol "El cant des ocells" and an enchanting song from the Basque provinces, entitled "Din, dan, Boleran," in which singer and guitars imitate bells for the most part.

Nixa continues to pour out a flood of choice music on LP to delight the connoisseur, and many of its issues have made a deep impression on reviewers and public alike. Occasionally something quite disastrous such as the Concert Hall recording of Verdi's "Requiem Mass" (with organ in place of orchestra this set is one of the worst travesties of a great work I have yet heard) slips through, but one is inclined to overlook that sort of *faux pas* for the sake of issues such as the Schütz Passions, Bach 'Cello Suites played by the prodigious Janos Starker, or the many wonderful Haydn and Mozart works coming from the Haydn Society. Capitol LPs, though small in quantity compared with Decca or Nixa, have been much admired. I was particularly taken with the recording quality in Ravel's "Introduction et Allegro" and the two Prokofiev Suites played by the French National Orchestra under Désormière. Many listeners to whom I have talked on this subject prefer Capitol's sound to the edgier string tone so loved by Decca.

Lastly there is the news that Argo Records, which some while ago started issuing some SP discs on a modest scale, is now launching into the LP field. Its first list, to be launched early this month, features as its star turn a brand new recording of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" made, in association with the Society for XXth Century Music, by Hedli Anderson and the Chamber Ensemble of the London Symphony Orchestra directed from the piano by Peter Stadlen.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

VIENNA.

BEFORE the International Music Congress in Vienna was halfway through—it lasted from May 17 through the middle of June—we realized that this was the major event in Austria's musical life since the end of the war. One could hear a judicious combination of theatre (Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" on the steps of the old University Square, etc.), opera (a cycle of Richard Strauss at the State Opera, "Figaro" in the Redoutensaal, Berg's "Wozzeck," Pfitzner's "Palestrina," Theodor Berger's new ballet scene "Die Homerische Symphonie"), musicological lectures by distinguished scholars from all over the world, a happy selection of Austrian church music performed in some twenty historic Viennese churches. Several Roman Catholic feast days coincided with festival dates, and, besides, each Sunday saw an array of orchestral masses by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Bruckner, and modern scores such as Anton Heiller's "Missa Brevis 1950." As far as the concerts themselves were concerned, by a careful juxtaposition of old with modern, chamber music with huge choral-orchestral evenings, unfamiliar with familiar, the concert programs of the Vienna Congress succeeded just where those of the conventional festivals, with their Beethoven "Fifths", Dvorak "Fifths", and Schubert "Unfinisheds", have continuously failed since 1945.

Old music at the Vienna Festival came out very well. The finely trained Collegium Musicum Italicum gave us an evening of Vivaldi and another of little known works by Italian baroque masters. In Eisenstadt, Swarowsky conducted a splendid Haydn program with the Chamber Orchestra of the Vienna State Academy (Symphony 54, "Scena di Berenice," Trumpet Concerto) and Grossmann did a mediocre "Creation" in the historic Esterhazy palace there. Paul Hindemith performed all the Brandenburg concerti in three concerts, two works each time with Hindemith's own compositions sandwiched in the middle—these included various concerti, the "Six Chansons", the "Drei Geistliche Motetten" rapturously sung by Irmgard Seefried, and "Die junge Magd" (soloist: the brilliant young Argentinean soprano, Margueritа Kenney). In the medieval castle of Kreuzenstein an hour's drive from Vienna, music for brass and voices of the Maximilian I period was played in incredibly romantic surroundings. Günther Ramin and the Choir of St. Thomas Church in Leipzig offered a moving performance of the Matthew Passion and a concert of *a capella* music, gorgeously sung. By mistake there was no hotel for the East German travelers, and Ramin, at the *a capella* concert, asked the Viennese audience to take the boys into their homes during this sojourn. Every boy had a home within ten minutes after the concert.

On the opening program was Mozart's Symphony in G minor and Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" with the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. Kathleen Ferrier and Julius Patzak were soloists. The ovation at the end was wild; many Viennese must have remembered the memorable performances of the Mahler with the same conductor in happier times, one of which (1938) was so impressively recorded. The day following the concert Decca recorded the work again, and the new set may well be described as the definitive "Lied."

THE biggest sensation of the Festival was, of course, the arrival of Herbert von Karajan, whose personality, for better or for worse, towers over the European scene. This time Karajan had in tow the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, the special gramophone orchestra formed by Walter Legge for HMV during the war. The orchestra and Karajan are making a European tour together. The programs were limited to standard works (Stravinsky's "Jeu de Cartes" was taken off the last minute and Mozart substituted; perhaps someone remembered that Stravinsky was hissed a year or so ago when Ansermet did the Symphony for Winds). Karajan did stunning renditions of Beethoven's "Seventh," Brahms's "First," R. Strauss's "Don Juan," Mozart's enchanting Divertimento in B flat (KV-287) and Handel's "Water Music." There are well authenticated rumors that Toscanini will come to England this fall to conduct a Beethoven series with the Philharmonia orchestra. How wonderful if the Maestro could be persuaded to record with it.

Hindemith's evening of glory was a concert performance of the Fifth, Sixth, and Last scenes from "Mathis der Maler," which achieved a popular success only second to that of Karajan. Mathis contains, for me, all the finest that the German spirit has to offer; the Sixth scene, in particular, with its inspired conclusion "Alleluja, alleluja," was convincing as great art in the way that many of the smaller works played in the Brandenburg concerts were not.

Frank Martin was represented by two oratorios, "Golgotha" and "Le Vin Herbé," the former conducted by Ansermet (Vienna Symphony, Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde), the latter by Anton Heiller (Akademie Kammerchor, Vienna Chamber Orchestra). Although I may be prejudiced to some extent by the incredibly bad performance of "Gol-

(*Continued on page 57*)

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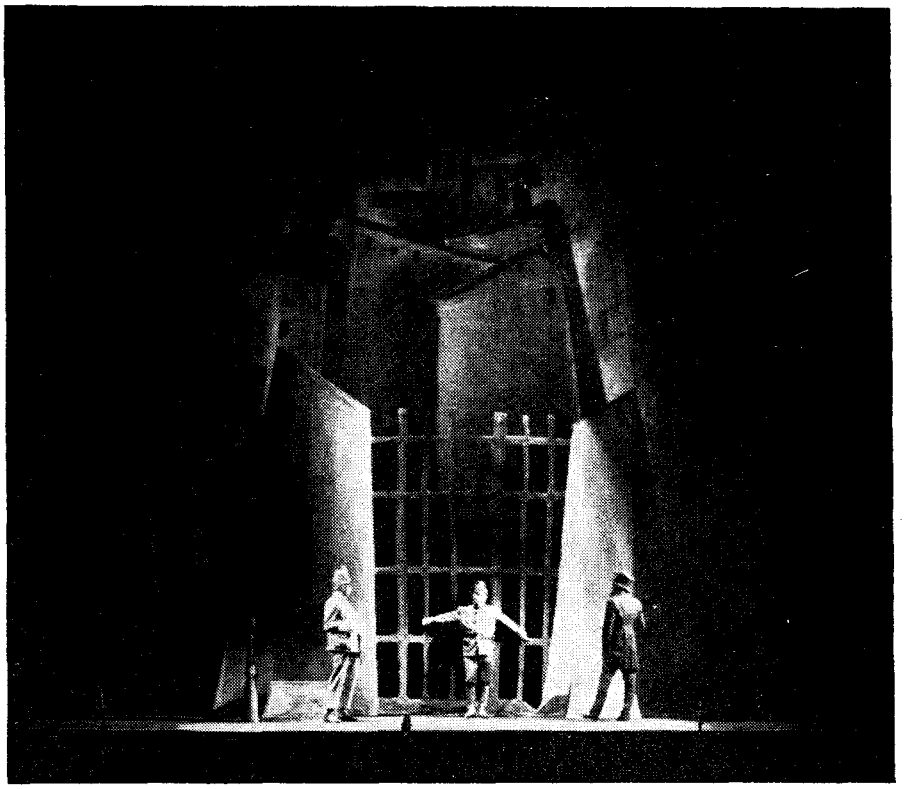

"Wozzeck" in Milan—"ensemble art in opera."

Opera Abroad

MILAN-VIENNA.

TO A visitor from New York, exposure to the principal operas of Italy and Austria brings an immediate reminder of the three determining factors in the operation of any opera company: economic status, leadership, and public attitude.

In Milan, La Scala stands as a theatre with plus rating in all categories, totaling to a status as the world's leading operatic enterprise. In category one, it enjoys the advantage of a handsome state subsidy (which accounts for no less than 50 per cent of its budget expenditure); in category two, it profits from the direction of Antonio Ghiringhelli, a progressive and energetic leader; and in category three, it has an attentive and eager audience.

La Scala offers a balanced repertoire with representative works of the German, French, Italian, and Russian schools at the center, classical works on one side, modern on the other. The administration regards each season as a prolonged festival, with every production a separate entity. This year the season embraces about twenty-five weeks, during which twenty-one operas and four ballets have been presented. On the average, five performances are given each week, permitting ample rehearsal time for new productions. Of the twenty-one presentations, fifteen were new productions, four of works not given here previously.

Generally La Scala gives a work four or five times during a two-week period, after which it is dropped. During a ten-year period, the work may reappear in two or three seasons. Thereafter, if it is a work that is given regularly, it will be remounted in a new production. The product of this system is a well-integrated, well-rehearsed series of performances, a musico-dramatic entity that will usually utilize the same artists. A typical instance was the recent Mitropoulos-Graf production of "Wozzeck," an exciting example of ensemble art in operatic production.

If the audiences of Milan are not particularly inclined to modern works, they accept them with good grace. Likewise they are broadminded enough to welcome the prevailing policy of presenting works by such composers as Wagner, Strauss, and Debussy in the original language. In consequence, La Scala offers an enviable roster of international celebrities including Tebaldi, Gueden, Callas, Schwarzkopf, Barbieri, Stignani, Tagliavini, Conley, Vinay, Rossi-Lemini, London, Kunz, and Mancini, directed by such conductors as Furtwängler, De Sabata, Von Karajan, and Mitropoulos.

To be sure, performances at La Scala do not adhere to a monotonous repetition of perfection. It, too, suffers from the universal operatic malady, namely, how to maintain an original high standard once a production has been launched. Last year's De Sabata-Frigerio "Butterfly," with Albanese as a focal point, was first-rate. This year a Spanish soprano, Constantina Araujo, has proven inadequate in the title role, and the charm and taste of the staging has deteriorated noticeably.

Against the La Scala picture, the recent seasons of the Metropolitan show more than a few heartening features. The successful artistic results of Rudolf Bing's first two seasons are well known. The Metropolitan's besetting problem is how to meet, with limited financial resources, the high costs of labor and materials. At the risk of staggering deficits, the Metropolitan can at most undertake three or four new productions a season—a meagre comparison with Milan's lavish total of fifteen. Nevertheless, in two seasons, a substantial housecleaning has taken place, a number of fine projects have been launched, and the strength of its personnel has been improved. At all times it has the support of a public which recognizes the value of and the need for the Metropolitan, and provides an equivalent of La Scala's subsidy, if hardly on the same scale.

The problem in Vienna has much to do with finances, for the cards are economically stacked against the aspirations of the venerable Staatsoper to international eminence. Lack of funds has put the hoped-for completion of the bombed-out traditional home on the Ringstrasse, probably till the spring of 1954. Playing in the "Theater an der Wien," with a capacity of 1,300, imposes handicaps, as does the limitations on governmental subsidy. The company must work ten months a year to earn maximum returns from the box-office, with a top charge of 40 shillings (only $1.60 at the prevailing exchange) prohibitive to most Viennese. Salaries are low (if tax-favored) and it is an increasing problem to restrain artists from accepting advantageous offers in Europe and America.

CONSIDERING the factors other than economic which are fundamental in any operatic situation, one has to recognize that in Vienna the public has an undue predominance. Its attitude, to put it very mildly, is deeply sentimental. It loves the old

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artists who provide a nostalgic link to the happier prewar days, and courageously overlooks their vocal shortcomings. The strong artistry of Anny Koneztni's Bruennhilde commands admiration, but like many others of the company, the vocal demands of the roles in which she appears are barely met. Management is inclined to follow public inclination.

Included on the roster are many of today's finest singers—Seefried, Jurinac, Gueden, Hilde Konetzni, Schoeffler, Eric Kunz, Ludwig Weber, our own George London. But along with them are many unequal to the responsibilities of a first-rank company. Likewise inferior is the conducting, save for such admirable artists as Karl Böhm and Clemens Krauss, occasional guest appearances by Furtwängler or Georg Sebastian.

As in Milan, Vienna had to rebuild its whole repertoire after the war. Most of the settings are attractive, if conservative, and the staging is usually conventional. Of special distinction are Lothar Wallerstein's "Aida" and "Turandot" productions of a few years back, inventive, yet in the grand manner. Adolf Rott's "Der Consul" and "Elektra" show brilliantly, the advantages to opera of a twentieth-century approach. In all, the level must be described as erratic, with a tepid "Entführung" one night or a dull "Trovatore" on another followed by a delightful "Zauberflöte" or a thrilling "Elektra."

For the while, Milan would seem to have unchallenged status. Given equivalent financial opportunity, the Metropolitan could probably do as well or better. Vienna's problems, as indicated, are more complex. The comparative merits of the German theatres will be discussed another time. —PAUL JARETZKI.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's really Wesley's theme. Old Bach just put in the counterpoint and variations."

Bach Sacred & Bach Secular

PHILIP L. MILLER

SOME authorities hold that the true essence of Bach's music is to be found in his cantatas. If this is so—and there is pretty strong evidence for the defense—then very few of us really know our Bach. Never one to do things by halves, the master wrote several times around the church calendar as well as celebrating birthdays, weddings, and other occasions with music in this form. More than two hundred examples have survived —no one knows exactly how many may have been lost or reworked. A handful of these works have enjoyed some measure of popularity in church and concert performances and certain arias and chorale settings are by now nearly as familiar as Handel's "Largo." Vocal recitalists have used arias with obbligato frequently enough to give their programs variety, but still the cantatas as a whole are little known. We all have acquaintances who can identify the works of Mozart by their Köchel numbers, but how many of us know more than a half-dozen of the numbered cantatas.

The occasion for this review is impressive evidence of an impending change in this situation. A glance at the Bach list in Schwann's *Long Playing Record Catalog* reveals that thirty-seven cantatas are now available, several of them recorded three times over.

Of the eleven cantatas under consideration, the two most famous appear on the two sides of one disc—No. 4, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," and No. 140, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," by soloists, chorus, and orchestra directed by Felix Prohaska (Bach Guild BG 511, $5.95). No. 140 comes again coupled with No. 32, "Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen," under Hermann Scherchen (Westminster WL 5122, $5.95). No. 32, in turn, reaches its second recording mated with No. 57, "Selig ist der Mann," conducted this time by Rolf Reinhardt (Vox PL 7340, $5.95). We may now choose between three recordings of the first two works. In the case of No. 4 I would favor the latest release in preference to the rather businesslike Shaw performance and the somewhat weakly recorded one by Lehmann. No. 140 is a case of chorus against soloists, for if the former is better balanced in the Bach Guild recording, the work of Magda Laszlo and Alfred Poell is outstanding in the Westminster. Perhaps if this soprano's voice had in it less of sheerly lyrical appeal, if her style were less musicianly and beautifully matched with that of Mr. Poell, the work of Agnes Geibel and Bruno Müller in Vox's No. 32 would seem more satisfactory. The hard fact is, however, that the latter soprano's voice lacks vibrancy, and the general impression of Reinhardt's performance is on the dull side. No. 57 seems to call forth greater enthusiasm, but this is hardly one of the better cantata recordings.

The two celebrated bass solo cantatas, No. 56, "Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen," and No. 82, "Ich habe genug," are coupled in performances by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau with Karl Ristenpart at the podium (Decca DL 9595, $5.85). This is the third "Kreuzstab" on LP and the second "Ich habe genug," though the latter is also still available on importation in Hans Hotter's English Columbia recording. Fischer-Dieskau is a real find, for all his limitations. The voice is rich, smooth, and appealing, the style warm, musical, and clean-cut, but his range is short. He likes neither high notes nor low, in the present recording even taking several G's up an octave. His is certainly the best No. 56, despite what sounds like not quite perfect microphone placement—the voice is a little muffled—and his No. 82 is a rival for the superb singing of

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Hans Hotter. No. 84, "Ich bin vergnügt," in spite of some peculiar labeling, is another solo cantata, this time for soprano, and it is offered by Miss Laszlo in a coupling with No. 106, "Gottes Zeit ist dei allerbeste Zeit" (or "Actus tragicus") by the Viennese forces of Hermann Scherchen (Westminster WL 5125, $5.95). Miss Laszlo's lovely open tone again exerts its appeal, though she is guilty of some scooping, and here I am more conscious of her not too conversational diction. The "Actus tragicus" has been with us before, but Scherchen's is the preferable reading. The unsuual orchestration of flutes and gambas has been adhered to. The feature of the disc is the notable performance of the alto-bass dialogue, in which Hilde Rössel-Majdan very beautifully intones the chorale melody while the dignified Mr. Poell comments upon its text. If the basso finds the tessitura a little high, this is a minor blemish on a beautifully conceived performance. And if in both these cantatas the rhythms are occasionally poked out, this could be the result of not quite enough rehearsal.

Coming now to the secular cantatas, conductor Helmut Koch presents No. 201, "Der Streit zwischen Phoebus und Pan," and No. 205, "Der Zufriedengestellte Aeolus" (Bach Guild BG 514 and BG 515, $5.95 each). The performers quite rightly present these little dramas in all seriousness. The humor, after all, derives largely from the use of Bach's serious musical style all in the spirit of fun. Indeed, so completely identical were his sacred and secular thinking that he often reused the material of his worldly arias to fit spiritual subjects. Occasionally in these performances we have to take the will for the deed in more elaborate arias, and those wonderful high trumpets may be a trial if one's turntable is not perfectly even or if the disc is a bit warped. The recording has the not unusual fault of too-dominating soloists, but the orchestral sound is good.

Finally, the Wedding Cantata, No. 210, "O holder Tag," is sung by Miss Laszlo under Scherchen's direction (Westminster WL 5138, $5.95). As always there is so much to admire in this soprano's work that one accepts the imperfections—this time more pronounced than in the other performances considered. The vocal line does not lie easily for her, and too much of the time she is above her best range. What this does to her diction need only be hinted at. There are, however, such compensations as the peaceful aria "Ruhet hie," and the charming "Schweigt, ihr Flöten," in which she tells the flute to be silent, only to have her melody imitated by the playful instrument.

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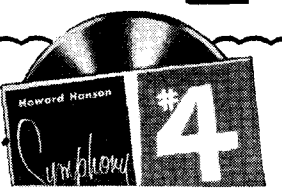

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"Pelleas" & "Idomoneo"

NOT within the memory of man has the phonograph offered, simultaneously, two complete versions of "Pelleas et Melisande," and we thank the stars—both human and astrological—in ascendance at the nascence of the new version from London (London SL, $23.80) that its virtues—and a few limitations—are so clearly defined relative to the earlier issue (RCA Victor LCT 6103, $17.16) presided over by Roger Desormière. It makes analysis a good deal simpler, evaluation much less a matter of opinion.

To begin with the most palpable facts: the RCA "Pelleas" is expressed in three records, the London in four, a factor of some economic consequence. The RCA "Pelleas" offers, in Irène Joachim, a Melisande of extreme sensitivity and choice delivery of the French text, whereas London's Suzanne Danco is a very good singer who does not always let one know what she is singing about. Altogether, I would say, the RCA emphasis is much more on a spoken-sung projection of the text and music as a play to be followed; the London is predominantly a musical experience from first to last, in which the text is an incident.

Having said as much as there is to be said on behalf of the older and extremely sensitive communication of Desormière, Joachim, Etcheveryy, Cabanel, etc., it can only be added that the London-Ansermet directed version has it over the other like a Graflex speed shot over a Brady glass plate portrait, in clarity, fulness, richness of detail, and wholesale likeness to the original. I can well imagine a Melisandist preferring the aura and intimacy of the Desormière-directed version to the much more luminous, exposed, and palpable sound of the Ansermet, but he would be thrice fool to say that any like amount of Debussy's invention can be heard in the former as in the latter. At the same time, I would like to have the record read that Desormière's effort is no less affecting than it was, that it is merely a victim of technological progress.

—Carell.

Suzanne Danco—"a very good singer."

While recording the substantial virtues of Ansermet's work, its constant exploration of the Debussy texture and its evocation of its sound in a natural, pure, and sympathetic way, I cannot muster more than containable enthusiasm for the individuals involved. Danco is too much vocalist, not enough actress, the Pélleas (Pierre Mollet) rather more operatic than I would prefer. Heinz Rehfuss is an excellent Golaud when he is not lax with his French enunciation. Helen Bouvier (Genevieve) and Vessieres (Arkel) do what is asked of them.

The recording technic employed brings up a point of no less interest: can a work be too clearly reproduced for the best advantage of the particular kind of music involved? At the pace with which the apprehension of detail is accelerating, the recording technician may soon have to reckon not only with giving back as much of the studio sound as he humanly can—which has certainly been accomplished within a whisper of perfection here—but determining how the performing area should be draped and "tuned," so to speak, to the advantage of Debussy, let us say, rather than Bizet. To paraphrase an old one, it may be said that the musician labors from sun to sun, but the technician's work is never done.

Quite a different story is the "Idomoneo" from Glyndebourne (LHMV 1021, $5.95), the late Fritz Busch's final operatic effort for the phonograph, and in most musical respects worthy of his name. However, there are some other ways in which it isn't—notably in respect to condensation and editing, in the heedless joining together of sections and arias separated by many pages in the score. Those with a feeling for key relationships will really suffer.

In a sequence that begins with the overture and comes to an end on page 152 of the Peters score, there is many a gem, but they are strung together as no necklace ever should be—with pearls and rubies, a quartz or two and a few pieces of paste spacing diamonds. By far the choicest matter is Sena Jurinac's lovely singing of the opening recitative and aria ("Padre! germani"), the later "Seil Padre per dei," and the climaxing "Zeffretti lusingheri," which is as beautiful Mozart singing as the present generation knows, and a clear substantiation of all impressions gathered at Glyndebourne last summer.

—Fayer.

Sena Jurinac—"a fine Donna Anna."

Nobody else sings as nearly well, and only Richard Lewis (Ideomantes) sings as much, always intelligently but with a strained vocal manner. Otherwise the solo performers are the American soprano Dorothy MacNeil and Alexander Young, who are heard mostly in ensembles, and creditably enough. The longest consecutive stretch of the score is in act III.

What is heard is, on the whole, better sung than the Haydn Society's complete "Idomoneo," reproduced with the clarity, fulness, and balance typical of a Glyndebourne venture. But the gaps are so long and so numerous that nothing like a total picture of Mozart's creation can be ascertained from it. It remains a pastiche with violent changes of mood, jumps from E flat to D major, or E major to F minor indulged without shame. For those who desire a detailed list of excerpts after the overture and opening aria we offer the following (based on the Pêters score): No. 6 (page 39), No. 11 (page 70), part of 12 (page 76), the march (page 89). No. 14 (page 90). No. 15 (page 101), No. 16 (page 114), No. 18 (page 123), No. 20 (page 144) ending on 152. Total, about fifty-six minutes of music. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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WORKING WITH RAVEL

(*Continued from page 40*)

recognized me, saluted me amicably, spoke to me of Ravel whom they considered one of theirs.

It was one of Ravel's graces to have had combined in himself seemingly contradictory characteristics: in his person, extreme simplicity and an exquisite refinement; as in his work, the most up-to-the-minute art side by side with the humanness of the old traditions of folk-lore. He was complex in everything: without vanity but aware of his genius; wrapped up in himself but completely objective; extremely civilized but with a childlike spontaneity.

I can see again his house at Montfort l'Amaury, with its highly decorated little rooms, its unusual bibelots, his toys, so to speak: the little boat which could be put to sailing over a blue expanse, the mechanical bird which could be made to sing. In the garden full of dreams and roses, he had set up a Japanese garden, in miniature. He loved cats.

He displayed the long, thin, and chiseled features of the typical Basque. He had the taut and nervous leanness of a jockey in those lineaments, whence gleamed two black eyes, set close together.

He was reserved, secretive. People have spoken of his "love of disguise," his exoticism, his polyglot utterance, of everything that seemed to conceal his essence under a borrowed personality. Perhaps in this we should see no more than a gift of sympathy, of penetration, a deep sense of human varieties. Without stirring from Europe, he looked for his themes in the old lands of Asia and Africa: the "Madécasses," the "Hébraïques," "Shéhérazade." There he was in contact with one of man's touchstones, man who can find himself again only when art has accomplished his entire cycle of civilization. Primitives, fairy stories, Arabian Nights, children's tales, fables—all these expressions of naive humanity seemed to him worthy of a finished art.

But did his delicate reserve, his extreme modesty hide, as has been suggested, tumultuous passions that he forced himself to master by the discipline of a rigorous art? Or rather was it not some tender and innocent secret of childhood which never left him? I think of the "Chanson pour Jeanne", of Chabrier, that he loved so much. It is one of the secrets of genius to know how to keep the secrets of childhood.

(Translation made by C. G. Burke.)

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Recordings in Review

Menuhin on Holiday

PAGANINI: *Concerto No. 2 in B minor. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Anatole Fistoulari conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Also: VIEUXTEMPS: *Concerto No. 4 in D minor. Walter Suesskind, conducting.* LHMV 1015, $5.95.

THOSE who have been listening to Yehudi Menuhin in high-minded devotion to Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schumann these many years have on occasion felt that a leavening of diet was in order—either for him or for us. Bartok is not the answer either, for he is as much a rigorously respected classic in his way as the others in theirs.

Whatever the reason, the Menuhin of these performances is a far brighter fellow than we have heard in many a spinning disk, with performances that glisten with virtuoso precision, a mixture of exhibitionistic abandon and artistic conscience such as we have not heard from him ever, and, in such integrated balance, not since Kreisler's prime. I could enter specifications why Heifetz, Francescatti, Spivakovsky, Elman, Milstein, and other respectable gentry have not hit dead center in some very close near misses in similar literature, but both time and space are lacking.

In any case, I point to the voluptuous sonority of Menuhin's tone in the first movement of the Paganini, his fantastic dexterity in the finale (the original of all the "La Campanella" movement), and the unbridled ease of his work all through the Vieuxtemps as a new point from which to evaluate his art. Whether or not virtuoso violin playing is one's particular fancy, this HMV disk should be heard by all as a superb specimen of balanced sound, with every element in beautiful proportion, none predominating.

"Tricorne" in the Round

FALLA: *"Three Cornered Hat." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra, with Suzanne Danco, soprano.* London LLP 598, $5.85.

ALTHOUGH the symbolic subject of Manuel de Falla's inspired ballet suite is the three-cornered hat worn by the Correigidor who has amorous aspirations to the miller's wife, there is no valid reason why a conductor's treatment of the music should be similarly angular and uncurvaceous. What Ansermet provides may not be as sharply defined and searingly linear as the version of Jean Martinon (Urania) discussed here recently, but it does infinitely more to provide a "Tricorne" which is consistently listenable, which is, as a total, both in the round and on the square.

Much of this has to do with the wonderful definition of the orchestral sound, the careful characterization of all the instrumental actors in the drama, and their faithful reproduction by the engineers. By no means unimportant is Ansermet's skilful suggestion of the wit in the score, the humor of its allusion to the C minor symphony of Beethoven (Fate, in the person of the Correigidor, knocking at the door) and the sense, throughout, that meaning is being insinuated rather than insisted upon.

The Powers of Powers

FRANZ: *"Dedication," and various other songs. Marie Powers, contralto, with Frank La Forge, piano.* Atlantic Records LP 1207, $5.95.

EVEN those who know Marie Powers only from her work in "The Medium" and "The Consul" would hardly characterize her as a one-composer singer, and her work on this disc attests to the implications thereto—namely, that she can sing Handel's "Ombra mai fu" as well as the "Lullaby" in "The Consul," and Schubert's "Tod und das Mädchen" with forceful low notes reminiscent of the ranking lieder singers of the day, not to mention an "Erlkönig" of absorbing dramatic force.

For all its artistic qualities, however, the disc does not satisfy as a product for home consumption, for it is too palpably a Town Hall recital program, too swiftly varied in its sequence of composers—Franz ("Dedication"), Haydn ("The Spirit Song"), Handel ("Ombra mai fu"), Bach ("Come Sweet Death"), Beethoven ("Ich liebe dich") and Schubert ("Der Tod und das Mädchen" and "Der Erlkönig"), all on the first side, with an equal miscellany on the second side—for one to focus attention. Moreover, it follows a perplexing language sequence, with "Ombrai mai fu," "Ich liebe dich," and the Schubert songs in the original tongue, the others in English, to deal only with side 1.

While discussing the problems of such a venture, I may as well mention a piano hardly suitable for recording purposes and a recording technique not as consistent as it might be. Marie Powers is an able artist and should make some fine records: this is only a suggestion of how good they could be.

The Pre-Postwar Furtwängler

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* LHMV 1005, $5.95.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished").* Also: Nicolai, *"Merry Wives" overture, excerpts from* Schubert, *"Rosamunde," and* Weber, *"Oberon" overture. The same.* LHMV 1020, $5.95.

ANY evaluation of these performances included in the new and warmly welcome HMV issues-in-America series must start with the assumption that Furtwängler's repute as a conductor of certain kinds of repertory was peerless in the Thirties; that knowledge of his activities was scanty from, roughly, 1935 to 1945, and what was heard of him in the immediate postwar period was hardly encouraging. The emphasis in such postwar recordings as reached us was on heavy accents, distorted tempi, rather monumental "productions" of everything he attempted.

All such inclinations are absent from these two fine discs, which show him as a kind of latter-day Mengel-

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Walter Gieseking—"a subtle colorist . . . profound."

berg. By which I mean that everything he performs has some whimsy of phrasing, some idiosyncrasy of articulation, but, at the same time, a compelling mastery of the music in hand, and an infinite artistry in conveying his ideas to the players. This is especially true of the Tchaikovsky (hardly comparable in brilliance to the recent Kubelik-Chicago for Mercury), with its trickily detailed waltz and powerful finale.

As an example of highly integrated, sharply outlined interpretative ideas, the Schubert-Nicolai-Weber miscellany is especially absorbing. Moreever, the symphony is played with compelling eloquence, on a broader dynamic scale than is customarily its lot, but with a sound richer than Toscanini's, more urgent than Beecham's, more muscular than either Walter's or Krips's. I find the Nicolai a little ponderous, if beautifully executed, the Weber a little silly in some obvious instances of "finesse." On the other hand, the "Rosamunde" excerpts (G major Ballet Music, and B flat Entr'acte) are remarkably fervent and yet simply played. Excellent sound throughout.

The Gieseking Repertory

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in G (No. 4) Walter Gieseking, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.* Columbia LP 4535, $5.45

BRAHMS: *Intermezzi (opus 117)* and SCHUMANN: *Kinderscenen. Gieseking, piano.* Columbia ML 4500, $5.45

DEBUSSY: *Preludes, Books I and II. Gieseking, piano.* ML 4537-38, $5.45 each.

DEBUSSY: *Suite Bergamasque* and *Children's Corner. Gieseking, piano.* Columbia ML 4539, $5.45

FRANCK: *Variations Symphoniques* and MOZART: *Concerto No. 23 in A major. Gieseking, piano, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by von Karajan.* Columbia ML 4536, $5.45

NO artist could ask for a more splendid representation of overall capacity than Columbia has offered to Walter Gieseking in issuing, simultaneously, half a dozen long playing disks totaling to a full recital and most of a symphonic concert. And no company could be rewarded with a more splendid testimony of over-all capacity than Gieseking has provided in this recreation of a large part of his famous phonographic repertory. With the exception of the Mozart concerto and the Schumann "Kinderscenen," Gieseking has undertaken to duplicate, with the advantages of new recording skills, performances long admired for clarity, finesse, and sensitivity. He has not failed.

To this taste, Gieseking has even exceeded his previous level in two important instances: the G major concerto of Beethoven and "Variations Symphoniques" of Franck. Wonderfully responsive recording, beautifully faithful both to the sound of the piano and the diverse colors of the orchestra, has its part in both accomplishments, but the excellence of the collaboration by von Karajan is a measurable contribution. His Franck is brighter than that provided by Sir Henry Wood in the previous Gieseking "Variations," his Beethoven warmer and better integrated than the predecessor version of Böhm. Opportunity is lacking for a note by note comparison of Gieseking's Beethoven No. 4 with the admired version of Bachaus, but the difference of quality between them is slight indeed. In my view, Gieseking is a more subtle colorist than Bachaus, his feeling for Beethoven equally profound. The cadenzas, for better or worse, are Beethoven's own. On the other hand, the Mozart No. 23 is sluggish rather than mercurial, the estimate of sonority rather heavier than seems to me appropriate for Mozart.

In the solo works, Gieseking recreates much of the old magic in the "Suite Bergamasque" (the "Passepied" is somewhat matter of fact) and the "Children's Corner," though the Olympian detachment previously noted in his treatment of "Jimbo's Lullaby" and "Golliwogg's Cakewalk" is, if anything, a little more aloof. A beautiful reproduction of Gieseking's piano sound is all the endorsement his playing of the two books of "Preludes" requires. This is a unique and unapproachable manifestation of artistic understanding. The Schumann-Brahms disk is rather more spectacular for the calm evocation of Schumann's simplicity than of Brahms' complexity, but in either instance, it is formidable interpretative art.

Summing up, I cannot imagine any Gieseking enthusiast disappointed by his treatment of this taxing repertory, or its reproduction; more objective purchasers will find the sparkling playing of Franck an offset to the questionable Mozart, the lovely "Kinderscenen" the brighter side to the gray cast of Brahms.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London LL 562, $5.95.	Highly adroit, not to say expert, performance by Ricci which reproduces more of the fire and individuality of his youthful days than anything else I know on records. Moreover, there is a degree of discipline not usual in his in-person efforts. Boult accompanies superbly, and the recording is the best the work has had. Fine playing, too, of the Kreisler cadenzas.
Brahms: "Handel" Variations. Julius Katchen, piano. London LS 552, $4.95.	Fluent execution by Katchen of a work which ranges through more moods and degrees of sentiment than he can manage comprehensively. He is best in the more active phases, least satisfying in the reflective. Undoubtedly a better version will come, though this one is very successfully reproduced.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor 7002, $4.67.	Compact, well-played versions of the favorite *morceaux*, which excels the competitive effort of Basil Cameron of London not only in sensitivity of execution and justice of sound but also in advantageous price (10" RCA vs 12" London). The second suite includes the "Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter" in its five-section coverage.
Lalo: Concerto in F minor. Miriam Solovieff, violin, with orchestra conducted by Henry Swoboda. Concert Hall 1143, $5.95.	A first recording of a better work than its obscurity would suggest: but so far as most violinists are concerned there is but one "Lalo"—the "Symphonie Espagnole." Miss Solovieff plays with sweep, ardor, and complete command of the materials. With it is the engaging A major Rondo of Schubert. Bright, rather searing reproduction with an over-eager pickup of the solo instrument. Otherwise, an excellent disc.
Liszt: "Rhapsodie Espagnole." Gina Bachauer, piano, with Alec Sherman conducting. RCA Victor LM 9000, $5.72.	There may be those equally partial to this work and the coupled "Coronation" concerto of Mozart (No. 26 in D, K 537) but even they aren't likely to find Bachauer's playing to their taste in both. One of the fascinations of the Liszt is its suggestions of some devices later incorporated in the "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" by Rachmaninoff. The orchestration by Busoni serves as a kind of bridge-in-time. Mozart, *à la* Bachauer, is amply spirited but percussive in articulation, heavy-handed in phrasing, and without a leavening caress. Sherman does his work well in both instances and the recording is thoroughly good.
Liszt: "Années de Pélerinage" (2de Année). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. London 515, $5.95.	Typically understanding performances by Kempff of the three Petrarch sonnets (Nos. 47, 104, and 123) which Liszt realized, tonally, with inimitable art. Kempff's performances are varicolored and wholly perceptive, with the range of feeling which enables him to play Schumann's "Papillon" masterfully on the second side. Rich piano sound in both instances.
Liszt: Sonata in B minor. Simon Barrere, piano. Remington R-199-85, $2.19.	An amazing likeness of the art of Barrere, taken at a Carnegie Hall recital of unidentified date, in which not only his remarkably individual sound but his intimately personal feeling for this work are brilliantly synthesized. (It must have been winter time, to judge from the coughs in the background.) The "Funérailles" complete an extraordinary disc.
Mozart: Quintet in A, K. 581 Antoine de Bavier, clarinet, and the New Italian Quartet. London LL 573, $5.95.	One could make a considerable study of the comparative attitudes expressed in the Kell, Goodman, Wlach, and de Bavier interpretations, as evidence of the widely different way the same notes strike players of varied backgrounds and temperaments. This one is briskly efficient, almost jaunty in its leveling off of Mozart's intentions. Fine sound, but little more than a surface likeness of what this music contains.
Puccini: "Un bel di". Grace Moore, with orchestra conducted by Alexander Smallens. Decca 9593, $5.85.	Not a buried treasure, rather a merely faded keepsake of the Moore voice for those who value its personality and warmth. In addition to "Vissi d'arte" and the Schubert "Serenade" the disc offers a liberal sampling of Kreisler and Kern tunes from "The King Steps Out" and "When You're in Love." Definitely poor reproduction.
Rachmaninoff: "The Miserly Knight" (Act 2). Cesare Siepi, basso, with orchestra conducted by Thomas Scherman. Columbia ML 4526, $5.45.	Whatever interest there may be in this pseudo-Moussorgsky enterprise (and, to this taste, it isn't much) is negated by the absurdly overblown rendering of Siepi's voice, and the equally absurd likeness of English that he offers in his treatment of the text. With it are Arensky's "Variations" on a theme of Tchaikovsky (opus 35a). Good sound, when it isn't drastically overstated.
Ravel: "Rapsodie Espagnole" and "La Valse." Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. LM 1700, $5.45.	The kind of performance with which Munch closes a frenzied evening of music-making, faithfully duplicated in every particular—which is reason enough, if only of a kind, for buying the record. However, it is a much more arbitrary, much less artistic thing Munch makes of the "Rapsodie" than was recently offered by Ansermet (London). With a second side that contains Saint-Saëns's "La Princesse Jaune" overture, Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict," and Lalo's "Le Roi D'Ys," the economics of the transaction, if not the artistry, are attractive. "La Valse" is a particularly gaudy piece of reproduction.
Schumann: "Dichterliebe." Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. London LL 535, $5.95.	The words of abuse leveled at Souzay for his performance on a recent London disc of the Falla "Siete Canciones" may be ungrudgingly rubbed out and others of praise substituted for his straightforward, unaffected, and highly resourceful vocalization of the Schumann cycle. As of now it is the best on LP, more lyric and impulsive than Harrell's, its nearest competitor. With it are four Wolf songs, including "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier."
Verdi: "Rigoletto." Erna Berger, Helge Roswänge, Heinrich Schlussnis, etc. Urania URLP 222, $11.90.	A warning, rather than a recommendation, for those who might be tempted by the names. The style is labored and in the German manner suggested by the use of that language, the voices overaccentuated and without tonal lustre. Admirers of the late Schlussnis will find his contribution typically artistic, but much too lyric for the dramatic needs of the hunchbacked jester. Strained, tense reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Mahler for Voice & Piano

MAHLER: *Lieder aus der Jugendzeit. Anny Felbermayer, soprano, and Alfred Poell, baritone, with Viktor Graef, piano.* Vanguard VRS 424, $5.95.

ISN'T it time for one of those Mahler Medals that used to be passed out so lavishly to be given to one of the companies which has done more to spread an appreciation of this composer's works than any number of one-time public renderings? Our first nomination goes to Vanguard, which has added to its previous issues of "Knaben Wunderhorn" and Rückert songs this fine collection of "Lieder aus der Jugendzeit."

To me the disc has the special interest of presenting some of the finest Mahler songs—"Fruhlingsmorgen," "Scheiden und Meiden," "Ich ging mit lust durch einen Grunen Wald," and "Zu Strasburg auf der Schanz"—in their early, original form with piano accompaniment. All of these were later reset by the composer with orchestral accompaniments, which I am not prepared to agree was uniformly an improvement. In some instances the intimacy of mood, the directness of communication are stronger in the first form.

Nobody acquainted with the earlier Mahler issues needs to be assured of the understanding Felbermayer and Poell have of this literature. The fact is, however, that both are substantially better on this disc than on any other known to me. The mood is more relaxed, the sense of strain that sometimes pervades a recording session gratefully absent. They might be our friends.

Aside from the tricky "Wer hat dies Liedleich Erdacht," in which she has pitch trouble, Felbermayer is not merely a good singer but close to a great one in "Erinnerung," "Fruhlingsmorgen," and "Starke Einbildungskraft." Her pure soprano tones are a delight to hear, and she has the mark of a superior interpreter in her equal feeling for verbal line and musical text. Poell's sometimes gruff voice is here uniformly pliable, and at moments almost mellow. To make the recommendation unconditional, Graef's piano playing is first class, and Vanguard's remarkably consistent standard of recording is more than sustained by the reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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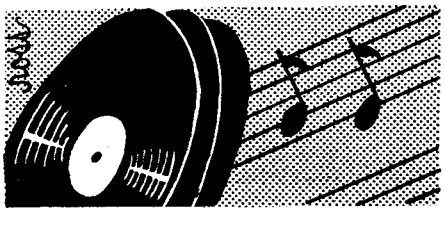
HITS AND MISSES

HERE is a note on this department's attitude toward modern jazz—whether it calls itself "modern" or "be-bop" or "cool" or "progressive." It has seemed to me for some time that the modern jazz heroes, whether they know it or not, are entering the ranks of modern *composers* in general, and are bound to be considered and criticized as part of the general body of modern music. The new jazz crowd have wholly or largely abandoned the group improvisation which is an essential of the classic New Orleans style, and which has given the finest music in that style a fiery spontaneity to say nothing of enchanting lazy, casual virtues. The moderns do a good deal of solo improvising, as in the saxaphone work of Lee Konitz, and there have even been remarkable sessions of group improvising between men of almost magical sympathy, particularly Lennie Tristano's little group (of Konitz and Tristano more presently). But centrally the new boys are interested in kinds of melodic and rhythmic elaboration, in kinds of harmonic experiment—including the atonal—which imply deliberate musical structure, which cannot be left to the chances of improvisation. Their jazz, in short, is by and large a *composed* jazz (or, as the more rabid New Orleans purists would have it, no jazz at all).

I don't propose here to quibble over words. I would merely suggest that once jazz moves out of its classic spontaneity, out of its unique improvisatory spirit and textures, and proceeds into the area of formal composition, it moves into musical rivalry, so to speak, with all modern music from Debussy onwards. The more knowing listeners to modern jazz can scarcely help judging the value of its structures in the light of the subtle and extended structures of such modern masters as Stravinsky and Bartok, Milhaud and Hindemith. Nor does it seem to me that modern jazz's partaking of the one characteristic common to all jazz—pervasively syncopated rhythms in common time—in any way alters the situation. If the rhythms are jazz rhythms, the fact remains that a modern jazz composition is a planned piece of modern musical architecture and, as such, will invite comparison with others.



So much by way of trying to explain my own criteria. This month I have a pleasing, highly expert album called "Free Forms" (Mercury C-115, $3.00) by Ralph Burns and a small chamber orchestra. Burns is one of the most appealing of modern jazz composers, and an excellent pianist. It was his modern jazz-rhumba "Bijou," as played by the Woody Herman band, which in 1946 prompted Igor Stravinsky to write "Ebony Concerto" for that outfit. The six numbers in the new album, as Burns himself suggests in a modest introduction, are short mood pieces. The mood is prevailingly neo-romantic, sometimes piquant, sometimes langorous, sometimes Caribbean-tinted. On several sides the composition leads to delicate, "cool" alto saxophone improvising by Lee Konitz, a very deft man with his dissonances. All this music is full of grace and accomplished orchestration, but I do not catch evidence of any very strong creative individuality and the forms, of course, are too short to indicate whether Burns is capable of sustained structure.

I AM much more interested, in fact, delighted by Lennie Tristano's "Intuition" (Capitol 7-1224, $.89), a fascinating jazz record if ever there was one. This is partly due to the high quality of the musicians involved and partly to the way in which they work with each other. For here is an example of extremely modern jazz which, I gather, was completely group-improvised in 1949. Tristano is a pianist of subtle, flexible, atonally-bent inventiveness, and he has a big technique to boot. Furthermore, he has around him a small band whose mutual understanding is uncanny. The music they make is a supple, glinting interweaving of the voices of the piano, guitar (Billy Bauer), alto saxophone (Lee Konitz), tenor saxophone (Wayne Marsh), bass (Arnold Fishkin) and drums (Harold Granowsky). On the other side of the record they take off on Jerome Kern's "Yesterdays," which becomes merely a base for just such another shimmering, intricate fabric of sound as is to be heard in "Intuition." I can't tell how much of "Yesterdays" may be improvised and how much schemed out, but both sides of the disc strike me, in terms of painting, as abstract and absorbing.

In traditional jazz the month has also been rich. Bob Scobey's Frisco Band offers a version of "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me" (Good Time Jazz 66, $.89) which will stand up in clarion pulse and lift to last month's "South." The late great boogie woogie pioneer Jimmy Yancey and his wonderful singing partner, Ma Yancey, are represented in their last performances on a long-player (Atlantic LP 130, $3.00) which is a must for any connoiseur of blues. Ma Yancey's voice has a searing poignancy and Jimmy's keyboard is responsive to every nuance. This is midnight-to-dawn lyricism of transfixing effect—"How Long Blues," "Make Me A Pallet On The Floor," "Monkey Woman Blues," "Four O'Clock Blues," "Santa Fe Blues," and "Yancey Special." After twelve years two other jazz giants have a long-playing reunion. Eight historic sides by Sidney Bechet, the Caruso of the hot soprano saxaphone, and the cornetist Muggsy Spanier are gathered on one disc (Atlantic LP 1206, $3.00). In these, the duo form a little chamber ensemble with the guitarist Carmen Mastren and bassist Wellman Braud.

One of the outstanding scholars of the jazz piano is John William "Knocky" Parker, who also happens to be chairman of the English department at Kentucky Wesleyan College. Dr. Parker is a playing scholar; he paid part of his way through the Ph.D. ordeal at Columbia University by appearances at the New York jazz shrine called the Stuyvesant Casino. His specialty is the keyboard comprehension of the styles of other men, but he is not slavish about it; he believes in the spirit rather than the letter. His new long-playing album "Professor's Progress" includes lucid and forceful accounts of piano music by a galaxy of jazz composers and improvisers. The program begins with four rags (including a ragtime waltz) by Scott Joplin, and goes on to classic works of Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Will Exel, Jess Stacy, Joe Sullivan, Hersal Thomas, Jimmy Yancey, Pinetop Smith, Meade Lux Lewis, Wayne King and Shelton Brooks. There is also one boogie woogie conception by Knocky Parker himself. "Professor's Progress," in a limited edition of 150 copies, may be had for $7.50 postpaid from the Carleton Jazz Club, 1637 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago 22, Illinois.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Hi-Fi—Almost

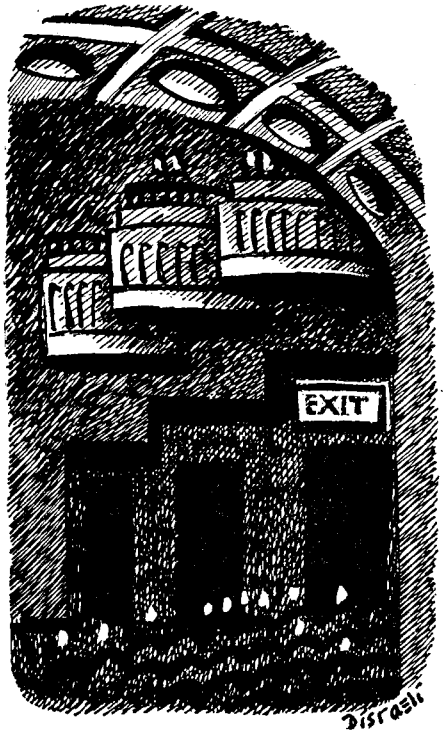
SOME four years after the introduction of LP records, Columbia has put out under its own name its first record player attachment for other than LP records—a three-speed manual model with a single all-groove sapphire stylus—and thereby an era ends. The compelling reasons which led this company to introduce its own player equipment no longer exist—the LP record is taking care of itself very nicely. A three-speed attachment, from Columbia, would seem therefore to be a straight business venture on its own, minus the pump priming aspect of the earlier offerings.

It is perhaps for this reason, realistically, that the new three-speed model, selling at the low price of $12.95, has a pickup cartridge of limited performance and tonal range and the compromise simplicity of the all-groove needle, whereas the earlier Columbia players featured the wide-range, low distortion CAC cartridge, especially developed by CBS for these very players. One can scarcely register a complaint here. This is no more than a reflection of things as they are right now in the record playing area—which in spite of the great boom of "high fidelity" phonograph equipment these last years, is still, in the large, more or less as it used to be. Record quality has vastly improved. The hi-fi record is the ordinary commercial one, most of the time. But record reproduction in terms of heard sound has for most of us remained the same. Not one in hundreds of buyers of this new three-speed player will find it in any way a tonal limitation—the radio or phonograph to which it is attached is an even greater tonal bottleneck.

Nor, realistically, can we object to the use of the economical all-groove point, though it is clear enough that it must be a compromise, matching neither the large nor the small groove, and a doubtful value in terms of record wear and good reproduction. As Columbia is well aware, most of us will prefer this immediate simplicity and economy to the better long-range value of the clumsy dual point systems, which match both grooves with no compromise. After all, there are worse dangers—just stack four or five naked LP records, out of their folders, on an average dusty table for five or ten minutes and the chances are that more damage will be done to them than in hours of all-groove point playing. No doubt about it, the new Columbia player is a good machine—for its purpose.

And yet what a near-miss this is, failing by a mere cartridge from being the cheapest, best-buy high fidelity three-speed player available—to fill a brand new in-between area, between the de luxe hi-fi system and the usual home phonograph, an area that would seem to be the coming hope for any sort of large-scale improvement in phonograph reproduction!

The present cartridge in this player is rated fifty to 5,000 cycles, at 2 volts output, strictly suited to the cheaper brands of radio and phonograph now in use. The CAC cartridge of the other



Columbia players rates thirty to 11,000 cycles, with very low distortion and a built-in balance of equalization to suit the average new record. I've tried the two directly, on good equipment; the difference is as great as this would imply. And yet the CAC cartridge sells retail for *less* than the one currently being used. Its turnover double model, to play all records correctly, costs only about one and a half times the single model.

It is not our business to probe the complex economics of production that determine feasibilities in such a situation. But there can be no doubt of a need, from the record buyer's viewpoint. If Columbia were to add a "de luxe" model (to use conventional selling terminology) of the new three-speed manual player equipped with a CAC-D wide-range turnover cartridge and selling, as it could, at $20 or less, we would have new fields open to us—for other developments can well coincide.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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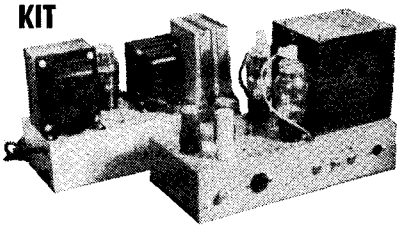

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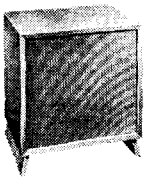

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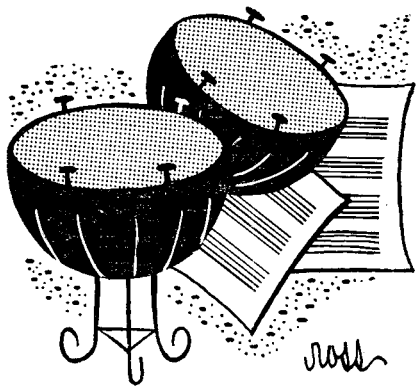
A Bartlett for Phonophiles



ARE you one who loves a good reference book? That is to say, a book which draws a bead on a difficult subject, tracks it to its lair, goes to the mat with it, and does not relinquish effort until all (or reasonably all) of its categories have been shaken loose, pulled together, reduced to order? Then, in spite of these mixed and mangled metaphors, you should be willing if not glad to pay the $17.50 asked for the 890-page volume just issued under the title of "The World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music," with everlasting credit to its authors, Francis F. Clough and G. J. Cuming. It bears the imprint of the London Gramophone Corporation in association with Sidgwick and Jackson, Limited.

As the authors indicate at the very outset, the volume owes its scheme to Robert J. Darrell's magnificent pioneer work "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music," but it goes beyond that notable ground-clearing venture in a way possible, perhaps, only in a society operating on an austerity budget. I don't know how many worthless projects were tabled to commandeer the paper for this one, but it seems to me the worthiest effort in musical scholarship to be produced anyplace in the world in the postwar epoch.

Spatially, the compilers have considered their oyster to be the period 1925-50 and there are very few consequential discs (even to forty-odd versions of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria") issued in that time which are not identified, listed, and provided with coupled sides in this mammoth directory. What is Clough and who is Cuming I cannot say, not knowing the gentlemen; but there can be little midnight oil in Wales (Upper Colwyn Bay is the precise point of origin) they have not burned to produce this veritable Bartlett for discophiles.

Big books merit big reviews, and this is one of the biggest. But, to keep the account within reasonable limits, I will describe it, succinctly, as a work for basic reference rather than as a guide to current production. A sizable supplement carries the currency of entry to May 1951, with a copious listing of LP's issued to that date, but the virtue of the work reposes in its vastly authoritative organization of material precedent to this immediate period. Other aids, such as Schwann, treat the month-to-month snowballing of the repertory; this one, rather, measures the upheavals and arranges the peaks in order of occurrence.

As I have mentioned, the generous allotment of paper and the beautifully clear type arrangement have permitted the authors a broad field in which to operate, and they have cultivated it to a connoisseur's delight. Where else, for example, can you find all the sections of Glazounow's "The Seasons" ballet enumerated, and the precise portions included in its several recordings pinned down? Or a collation of all the piano compositions of Liszt, including arrangements of other composer's efforts, tabulated like the schedule of Long Island railroad trains to Patchogue and Bay Shore?

I note also, in a rather rapid skimming of contents, the exact identification of the Handel items on Beecham's "The Great Elopement"; an index, by name, to every Chopin etude which has a *nom de keyboard*, every Scarlatti sonata for which somebody invented a fanciful designation, all Debussy piano pieces by name, not to mention every single *morceau* of Schumann. These are placed at the beginning of the sections devoted to the composers (or at the end) and suggest page numbers (for titles) to aid those who are not acquainted with the larger works.

I have a healthy admiration, too, for the tabular comparison of the many versions of Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," showing just which sections are included in which versions, for the ninety-seven Handel arias listed with directions to the page where each may be found under *Serses, Rinaldo,* or whatever, for the breadth of vision which includes, under "Ave Maria," Gounod-Bach, versions by Gracie Fields and Deanna Durbin. (No Crosby, however.) You can learn, too, which of many cadenzas are used in the innumerable versions of Beethoven concerti (those for piano, and the one for violin), and dazzle your friends by mentioning a work called "Rosine" as the source for Gossec's "Gavotte," while dropping a hint that London travelers can find a recording of Henry Hadley's "In Bohemia" overture in the American Library in London.

No compendium such as this would be complete without its suggestion of things unheard which one would rather imagine than hear, and my favor has gravitated to Ethel Smyth's "Fanfare: Hot Potatoes" (page 574) and Arthur Bliss's "Fanfare for a Dignified Occasion" (page 176), not to mention Farnaby's "Simkin said that Sis was fair" (page 187). None of these could possibly conform to the suggestions of the title, and we add them to our "Treasury of the Unheard" along with Roswaenge's "Di bollenti spiriti."

To preserve professional standing in the reviewer's guild, I point to the fact that the conductor for Rubinstein's performance of the Schumann piano concerto is identified as Sternberg instead of Steinberg. Having rubbed off this small blemish, I pass a vote of thanks to Messrs. Clough and Cuming, and commend their huge volume as an indispensable part of any decent musical library whether the user is music-lover or artist, scholar or savant. I shall be cribbing from it forever and ever. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Spotlight on Moderns

THE EPITHETS "modern" and "contemporary" are for ordinary purposes used interchangeably when we speak of composers, and none but the finical seem to mind much. Now and then, however, it becomes inevitable to insist on the distinction. The composers who concern us here were all born within the decade or so that gave us Ives, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. Yet even had I been writing thirty years ago I should have been inaccurate had I described them as "moderns."

Griffes is a special case. To Americans unaware of Ives he seemed pretty enterprising for a composer on this side of the Atlantic around 1915, since he had so thoroughly absorbed the most representative style of Debussy in his "Roman Sketches" (Walden LP 100, $5.95), which includes the familiar "White Peacock." Also, his piano sonata of 1917, on the reverse side of this LP, shows that if his life had not come to an early end in 1920, when he was thirty-six, he might have fallen abreast of the latest tendencies that, though few in America knew it, were supplanting Impressionism.

Even so, he did little more to alter the course of history or broaden our musical experience than Pfitzner, Wolf-Ferrari, Busoni, and Reger, the others, namely, that I refer to above. Their ideology was a substantially earlier one, Romanticism, and their orientation was decidedly German. Like them, Griffes belongs to a class of composers that we cannot just dismiss. Their musicianship and skill were impressive and they were better than the poetasters of music who copy because of their own ineptness.

Griffes ultimately realized, but too late for his own good, that Impressionism was exhausted. Romanticism had been exhausted much earlier, but Pfitzner remained faithful to it until only three years ago, when he died. He, of course, was firmly convinced that it was not exhausted. But there was a further factor, becoming evident all around, that he failed to grasp. Composers from Schumann to Debussy had achieved considerable heights. But after the first excitement of the discovery of their styles had died down, it became apparent that the grandeur of a Bach "Passion" or a Beethoven "Ninth" had not really been equaled, and that perhaps this had something to do with the limitations of Romantic and Impressionist principles. There was also a still further factor, perhaps the most crucial. When the grooves of any style are too well set the pen falls into them too easily, carrying the creator's hand along. There is no struggle with recalcitrant material to make it respond to the expression of his inner will. And without conflict art is frustrated.

WE MAY easily share Pfitzner's enthusiasm for Schumann's soaring lines. Listening to his "Kleine Sinfonie" and Symphony in C (Urania LP 7044, $5.95) we even experience some of the delight that we get listening to Schumann. But not for long. For we sense that Pfitzner's ear was so closely pressed to his model that the gesture became mechanical, had little life of its own, made little discovery of the unconscious to give us surprise. The overtures "Christelflein" and "Katchen von Heilbronn" (Urania LP 7050, $5.95) have the less exalted model of Liszt's tone poems, and the same is true of them.

His opera "Palestrina" is well spoken of, and perhaps justly. But good operas are scarce in our century, and if operas come off dramatically it is often as much as we may ask. That is why Wolf-Ferrari has enjoyed some success with musical distinction. But his abstract music does not amount to much. His Serenade for String Orchestra (Urania LP 7043, $5.95) is an academic product of a talented youth highly impressionable to Wagner of "Meistersinger" and a romanticized conception of Classical style, not palatable to the spare modern taste.

Coupled with the Serenade is Busoni's violin concerto, which is quite unlike that erudite composer's later efforts with their share of celebration that gives them at least some reason for being. At this juncture I would gladly accept this concerto as relief from perennial Bruch. It certainly shows off virtuosity with a vengeance. Reger's "Ballet Suite" on the reverse side of the Pfitzner overtures might conceivably get by were it not for the cheap, insistent Viennese waltz movement.

All these works are well played. Leonid Hambro's playing of the Griffes is particularly striking. Sensitive nuances in the suite and bold manipulation of huge handfuls of notes in the sonata single him out as a young performer of no small stature. Siegfried Borres plays the Busoni fluently, but not with the pitch accuracy and polish that our own big violinists are capable of achieving.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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NEW RELEASES

BEETHOVEN:
Music to Goethe's Drama "Egmont," Opus 84 (complete)
Kaethe Nentwig, soprano—Michael Konstantinow, narrator. Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart—Rolf Reinhardt, conductor
12" PL 7640

HAYDN:
Great Organ Mass of 1766, in E Flat Major
Elisabeth Roon, soprano—Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto. Waldemar Kmentt, tenor—Walter Berry, bass. Bruno Seidlhofer, organ—Akademie Kammerchor—Ferdinand Grossman, conductor
12" PL 7020

MAHLER:
Symphony No. 9 in D Minor
Vienna Symphony Orchestra—Jascha Horenstein, conductor
2-12" PL 7600

ROZSA: Theme, Variations & Finale, Op. 13
Concerto for String Orchestra, Op. 17
Royal Philharmonic & London String Orchestras—Miklos Rozsa, conductor
12" PL 7690

STAMITZ: Concerto for Viola and Orchestra in D Major
TELEMANN: Concerto for Viola and Orchestra in G Major
Heinz Wigand, viola—Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart—Rolf Reinhardt, conductor
12" PL 7540

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV — MOUSSORGSKY —BORODIN:
Russian Festival Overture
Capriccio Espagnol
Night On Bald Mountain
In The Steppes of Central Asia
Paris Conservatory Orchestra — Andre Cluytens, conductor
12" PL 7670

JOHANN STRAUSS:
Der Lustige Krieg (The Merry War)
(Comic Opera in 3 Acts—Abridged)
Soloists — Akademie Kammerchor — Vienna Symphony Orchestra — Karl von Pauspertl, conductor
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Views on "Waifs"

Reasons for Failure

▶ I AM SURPRISED that C. G. Burke's article "Waifs of LP" (*SR* June 28) did not deal with what must surely be the main reasons for the failure of so many worthwhile LPs to achieve better sales than they have.

There are to my mind three: (1) Many fine LPs are scantily advertised or not at all, (2) the personnel involved are often completely unfamiliar to the prospective purchaser, and (3) so is the music.

In elaboration of the first reason let it first be said that many of the smaller companies (Dial, SPA, Oiseau-Lyre *et al.*) place no ads in any magazine, not even the Schwann catalogue.

Secondly, it is most emphatically true that the ever-accelerating tendency to record abroad is giving us stacks of records with conductors and orchestras with which the average purchaser is unfamiliar. Most of them are still in the pre-LP stage where only RCA Victor and Columbia mattered. It is not surprising, therefore, that they still regard Beecham as the only fine Haydn and Mozart interpreter instead of maybe Herman Scherchen, Franz Litschauer, or Felix Prohaska.

Only a handful of the conductors on tapes from Europe (excluding London) have any prewar records by which the neophyte listener can have had a chance to hear their work, and most of their recording work is only about two years old. Outside of a few major cities, the radio stations seldom play these foreign-made records. In fact, no radio station in or near my home town has ever played a Vox, Westminster, or Vanguard LP, to name just a few!

Lastly I might add that it is all very well and fine for discriminating collectors to have this wealth of hitherto unrecorded music but it has been and undoubtedly will continue to be difficult to sell it en masse to purchasers who will not have the collector's insatiable interest in music of all nations and of all ages.

ROBERT F. DUGUAY.

Hartford, Conn.

Tasteful Public

▶ MR. BURKE, in his article "Waifs of LP," brings to attention a subject close to our hearts. He asks in plaintive tone why some wonderful records suffer in sales when they offer fine or at least interesting music, well recorded and played and fairly presented by the manufacturers.

Our experience has shown that the record buying public has both taste and appetite when given a chance to demonstrate it, in spite of the assertion of Sir Thomas Beecham that we have only appetite. Nevertheless, most phonograph record buying and selling is at a level which puts a commercial premium on mediocrity. Logic tells manufacturers that repertory which has sold well over the years will continue to sell well in fresh recordings, so a great deal of money and time is spent in bringing out new versions of old favorites. Far the greater proportion of space in advertising copy and in the editorial and review pages of SR/RECORDINGS too, for that matter, goes to something like a Toscanini performance of "La Boheme" rather than to "Idomeneo" or "Amfiparnaso" or concerti by Viotti or Nardini. This in spite of the fact that most of the knowing collectors of records prefer another "Boheme" or will respond to the suggestion that some lesser known disc might be a good addition to their libraries.

But the real key reason for the "Waifs," it seems to us, at least, is the absolutely appalling lack of information about music on records encountered in the average record shop. Not only do most record sales people not know what an exciting personal experience it is to discover a gem like the Hummel Septet or the Pergolesi Concerti or the Christmas Oratorio of Bach or the wonderful quartets of Arriaga, most of them simply don't care. They have little interest in trying to sell something they know very little about. It seems easier somehow to give the customer what he asked for and let it go at that.

What is the solution? No blanket one is available of course but those people who want and need proper assistance in this most valuable and personal field, and that includes practically every buyer of records, should go to some lengths to find retailers who will honestly help them to discover that the quest for music on record in the retail shop is an exciting adventure as full of rewards and pleasant surprises as is the well staffed book store, of which also, lamentably, there are too few.

Until buyers of records discover this in large numbers and until the retailers shoulder their responsibilities there will continue to be too many "Wonderful Waifs on LP."

LEO KEPPLER.

Hollywood, Calif.

High Cost!

▶ C. G. BURKE'S ARTICLE "Waifs of LP" prompted this steady reader of your always interesting and very valuable section to do what he has never done—write a letter to the editor.

While Burke noted most of the reasons why certain LPs have not sold, he has missed the most important. Yes, besides the facts that some record companies make the most ridiculous couplings imaginable and others insist on putting music which would hardly fill a ten-inch record on a twelve-inch disc, there is still the all important reason why many fine recordings are not being sold.

They cost too much!

Now, it is not too difficult to see why a discriminating buyer will pass up an excellent, but obscure Italian opera for the latest Toscanini "La Boheme." Why? For many reasons.

In these days of literally dozens of LP labels and hundreds of releases, it is not possible for anyone—except, perhaps, a reviewer—to listen to half the recordings released each month. Yes, the greater number of discophiles are buying new recordings without even hearing them. They are buying them on the basis of artist, composer, and work; actually a miracle of "trust."

Also, as prices are fundamentally the same for all records—with the exception of Remington—these buyers are waiting for particular works to be recorded by artists they know and respect and released by companies whom they know manufacture records with the finest reproduction.

If record companies would set up a separate series for these new artists and unknown works, they will discover that they are not only making more profits because of increased sales, but also that they are helping to further careers and achievements.

PAUL E. GELFMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Suggestions

▶ CONGRATULATIONS TO C. G. Burke for his article "Waifs on LP" in the June 28 RECORDINGS Section. I did not know that there has been an American pressing of Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," and I can safely say that there is many another interested American ignorant of this fact. However, the successful RCA Victor transfers of the Mozart operas hardly leaves a "78" purchase of the Britten work appealing. If the "Rape" cannot be transferred to one LP, so much the better. The fourth side of a two-LP set could include Britten's "Michelangelo Sonnets" and "The Birds"—or his "Holy Sonnets of John Donne."

RICHARD RENNER.

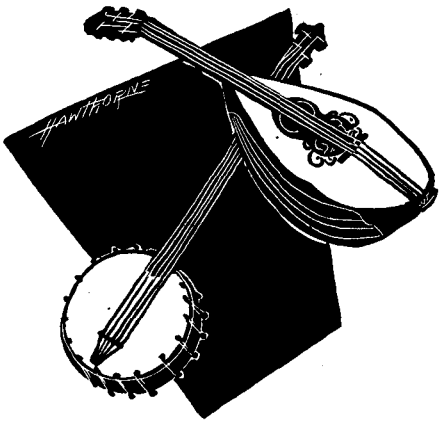
Providence, R. I.

Appalachian?

▶ WE LIKE YOUR piece "Waifs of LP," also your conclusions about many of the titles mentioned. But—when did you hear where you can get an LP disc of Copland's "Appalachian Spring"? No one seems to know about it. And I, for one, would like to. (*See back cover.*)

ARTHUR SIDON.

Great Neck, N. Y.



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THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page 42*)

gotha"—the chorus was particularly offending with its sloppy attacks and almost total lack of intonation in the soprano section—still "Vin Herbé" seems to me to be the more impressive of the two works. The story is that of the old Tristan legend, presented as a sort of chamber oratorio with a minute chorus and an orchestra of two violins, two violas, two cellos, bass, and piano. The rapturous, medieval character of the text with its almost unbearable tragedy is so treated that the music often seems to be drenched in beauty. It was especially in the matter of recitatives where "Golgotha" sometimes seemed constricted, compared to the lush tapestry of sound that Martin weaves in his Tristan story. Heiller's performance, by the way, was the best conducting he has turned out so far.

STRAVINSKY'S "Oedipus Rex," with Jean Cocteau as speaker and master of ceremonies (he gave a charming little speech in German-French, before the performance, which received much applause), was well played by the Vienna Symphony and the Singakademie under Karl Böhm, who was unwise enough to couple this with the Bach "Magnificat," which is definitely not his cup of tea.

Hidden away in this musical orgy was the Turin Radio Orchestra, which created much favorable comment with its program of modern music (Bartok "Divertimento," etc.) Although the Viennese are not very charitably disposed toward other orchestras, both the Turin and London groups received grudging admiration. I hasten to add that it is not the players here but the audience who are firmly convinced that only the Viennese can properly interpret the Austrian classics.

Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder," conducted by Paul Klecki (Kletzki), formed the official close of the Congress. The work was played in a "reduced" version which the composer himself made. Reduced is to be interpreted advisedly; it means that instead of ten horns we heard six, and that some iron chains were left out of the percussion section. But some of Schönberg's grandiose orchestral effects do not come off in the reduced version, such as where all the brass enters *fff*. As in "Golgotha" the chorus was very badly prepared and at the last minute two sections of the score had to be left out, and so plans for taping the work were dropped.

On the heels of this enormous program the exhausted Vienna Symphony, part of which was busily making recordings under Walter Hendl for the American Recording Society, departed for Linz for the tenth International Bruckner Festival. Bruckner is a special problem here which I would like to discuss in more detail at another opportunity, and it must suffice to note that the "Sixth," "Seventh," Eighth," and "Ninth" Symphonies, the "F minor Mass," and the "Requiem" were performed under Paul Hindemith, Volkmar Andrae, and various local conductors from Upper Austria. The surroundings were particularly appropriate, for two concerts were given in the monastery of St. Florian, a gorgeous baroque monument to past Austrian glory. St. Florian, a few miles from the Iron Curtain, is where Bruckner is buried, and it was singularly fitting that the "Requiem" and "Ninth Symphony" should have been given together in one of the concerts.

While in Upper Austria, Georg Schenker, the musical director of the Vienna Symphony, allowed official publication of a piece of news which had been, up to that date, an unconfirmed rumor. Here is the essence of the matter: the Vienna Symphony has signed a contract with the Philips—U.S. Columbia hook-up. They have contracted for one hundred forty-four sessions per year with a minimum of sixty-five men per session. Philips and Company are starting to put the pressure on, not only by signing up the Vienna Symphony, but by beginning to put under exclusive contract all the Viennese artists not already snapped up by EMI (the concern owning HMV, Columbia, and Parlophone), Decca, or the U.S. independents. Karl Böhm is now part of the Philips combine. It may be that, within a few months, U.S. independents will no longer find Vienna the recording paradise it has been. One of the little details in the Vienna Symphony contract is that the orchestra's fee is substantially raised, and a percentage will be paid to them as well. If these terms were forced on U.S. independents, many would not be able to meet them. At any rate, opinion here is that the Philips-U.S. Columbia axis will change the face of the LP situation very rapidly; it remains to be seen if this change will be wholly for the good.

—H. C. ROBBINS LANDON.

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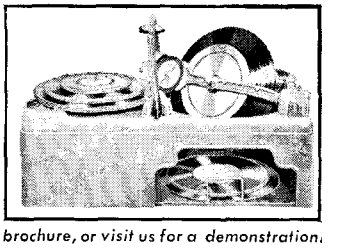

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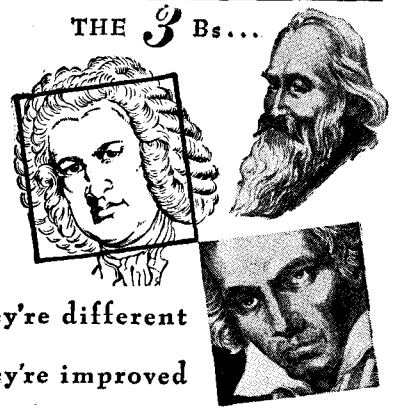

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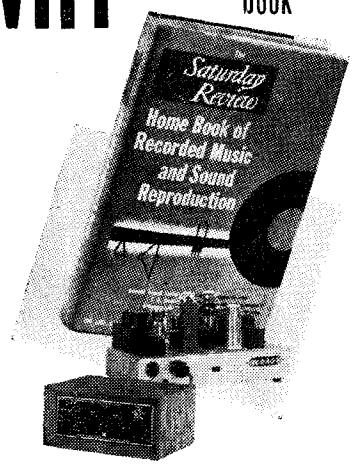

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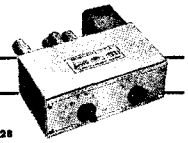

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Pop Round-up

FOR some months new dance records have been scarce. The big trend has been toward vocal records and "soundies"—the trade term for tricked-up, over-amplified productions. In the resultant din, only the loudest and/or weirdest sides could catch the mass ear. For many years the industry had been sustained on a fairly even keel by the regular turnover of dance discs, but in more recent years both dancing and dance discs apparently fell from favor. It's difficult to determine the causes for the deterioration of a diversion and its allied industry, but certain interested parties are making a valiant attempt to do so, to revive dancing in order to "Bring Back the Dance Bands."

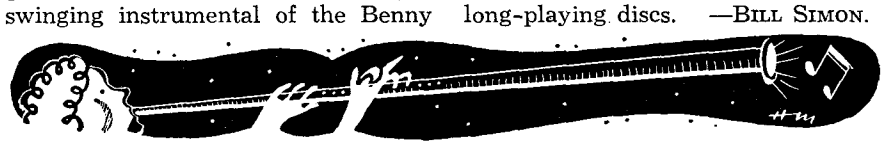
Of course, there is a pretty big obstacle in the path of the dance revivalists . . . Our new generation of Americans doesn't know how to dance! Ralph Flanagan's managers report that the fastest way to clear the floor is to play a rumba or a waltz. The rumba remains unaccepted outside our big cities. The samba, which requires more energy, is even worse off. The mambo, which takes over where the rumba and lindy hop leave off, makes for provocative listening and is great fun to watch, but only the Latins take the trouble to learn it, and for them it is really no trouble at all. The tango, popular in every other part of the world, has never taken hold here, although three of our biggest song hits—"Blue Tango," "Kiss of Fire" (*El Choclo*), and "I Get Ideas" (*Adios Muchachos*)—are rhythmically speaking tangos. The new Brazilian baiao—of which "Delicado" is an example, has become the rage in France and throughout Latin-America, but it's virtually unknown here.

We have gone through the recent disc releases with a fine comb and have dug out several serviceable singles and long-players for your summer dancing soirees. Ralph Flanagan has a collection entitled DANCE TO THE TOP POPS (RCA LPM 3084), which contains the eight most popular songs of the day, all performed instrumentally for dancing. It includes such titles as "Kiss of Fire," "Be Anything," "I'm Yours," and "Delicado." A fine Flanagan single couples the ballad "I Understand" with Flanagan's most exciting side to date, a swinging instrumental of the Benny Moten perennial SOUTH (RCA 47-4724). Trombonist Buddy Morrow uses Artie Shaw's version of "Begin the Beguine" as a model for his instrumental of a Latin lovely entitled VEREDA TROPICAL (RCA 47-4693). . . . Tempos are mixed tastefully in a collection entitled RAY ANTHONY'S HOUSEPARTY HOP (CAP 292), and Billy May's current fast-seller is BIG BAND BASH (CAP 329). May, a trumpet player himself, has his sax section glissing provocatively in the manner of the great Jimmie Lunceford band of the Thirties. This is wildly heralded in the business as a "new sound." Best sides in the package are "Diane" and "Perfidia."

Among the singles we recommend Lombardo's coupling, WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME and ONCE IN AWHILE (DEC 28277), and Jimmy Dorsey's dreamy, vocalized MOON OVER MIAMI (MGM 11230). The latter emulates the mood popularized by Jimmy's brother Tommy a decade and a half ago. In the NEW BASIE BLUES, it's the "Old" Basie that creates the interest. Here the Count has recaptured the sensuosity that made him a big dance favorite in prewar years (MER 8964).

On cool evenings, you may want to try a few sambas. Emil Coleman's product is a hybrid, but it has the rhythm, and it falls pleasantly on the Yanqui ear. An example is SAMBAS BY EMIL COLEMAN AND HIS ORCH. (RCA LPM 3009), and it includes the most popular titles—"Tico Tico," "Cae Cae," "Brazil," etc. We find infinitely more excitement and color however in an authentic discing from Brazil which has MADALENA and ME DEIXA EM PAZ back-to-back (RCA 51-5608). This is a wonderful record!

Tico, an independent label, specializes in big-band mambos. Its most frequently employed artists are the band-leader arrangers Tito Puente and Tito Rodriguez, both of whom have learned their harmony and orchestration from the modernist Kentons, Hermans, and Gillespies. But they remember that their public wants to dance, and they retain the authenticity of their exciting, complicated Cuban rhythms. Especially recommended are MAMBO BY PUENTE (TICO 101) and MAMBO BY RODRIGUEZ (TICO 102). Both are long-playing discs. —BILL SIMON.



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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Kleiber "Rosenkavalier"

SIR: As you may recall, early in 1950, London announced plans for a series of operas, including a complete "Rosenkavalier" conducted by Erich Kleiber. Nearly all the other items mentioned have been released, but nothing yet of "Rosenkavalier."

DAVID W. MOLES.

Denver, Colorado.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the best of our knowledge, London could not assemble what it considered a satisfactory cast, and the project was not pursued.*

Traubel "Immolation"

SIR: Is there any chance that RCA Victor will transfer to long-playing records the magnificent Traubel-Toscanini "Immolation Scene" in the near future. It is surely worthy of the series "Treasury of Immortal Performances." . . .

ROBERT H. WILSON.

Arlington, Virginia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Traubel-Toscanini "Immolation" is included in a forthcoming release of "Treasury" items, possibly in the fall.*

Aid on Schnabel

SIR: I am engaged in a biographical volume about the late Artur Schnabel, and would very much value any help from friends, former pupils, or admirers who may have pictures, memorabilia, or other assistance to contribute. I promise to return any property that may be sent to me—care of the Artur Schnabel Memorial Committee, 103 Park Avenue, NYC, (Room 219).

CESAR SAERCHINGER.

New York, N. Y.

Records from Prades

SIR: Since another Prades Festival has taken place in the south of France since last year, it is pertinent to inquire what happened to the great batch of records we were promised from last year's festival? Surely it cannot take Columbia all these months to process them.

BERT WHEELER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In normal circumstances Columbia would doubtless have had the records available some time ago. However the dissolution of ties with English Columbia (which did the technical work of recording the sessions and editing the tapes) has seriously held up completion of the project. It is now scheduled for fall release.*

Pro Korngold

SIR: I have seldom been so opposed in opinion as I was in reading a review of Erich Korngold's new recording (Masterseal LP 46), which contains more than fifty minutes of the composer's music. Kolodin's review is not only unfair, it makes no genuine criticism and it is singularly depreciating in tone. He even states that the literature isn't likely to be duplicated soon. Doesn't that seem a little presumptuous? . . . Masterseal is to be commended for recording the music of a neglected but deserving contemporary. Erich Korngold should, if there were any justice, be recognized as one of the most accomplished and talented musicians on the American scene. This man has a gift that might well make him unpopular among his fellow composers and particularly among music critics, a gift of melody unequaled since Tchaikovsky.

ANTHONY THOMAS.

Brantford, Ontario.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Like home, mother, and the flag, melody is high in the esteem of the RECORDINGS editor. Inasmuch as Korngold's father was one of the most esteemed music critics of Vienna, he will understand they cannot always be right.*

Gershwin & Byron

SIR: A reference in the June 28 issue to the old General Records album of Gershwin songs by George Byron inspires this question: Can the Desto people who have just done the Kern album be persuaded to reissue those same Gershwin songs, with Byron, naturally? And while I think of it: the old collection of Kurt Weill songs played by Weill and sung by Lotte Lenya would appeal to many. The recording was vile . . . but the songs and the singer unique. . . .

HUGH SAMSON.

Baltimore, Md.

Revolutionary "Etude"?

SIR: In re the letter in the June 28 issue of *The Saturday Review*, headed "Faked Fekete": To show you how utterly wrong he was, I am sending with this letter the Etude record E706, and as you can see, the Tchaikovsky "Tempest" credits Fekete as conductor and George Singer as conductor of "Coq d'Or" suite. The same is true of the record which couples Mozart's "Fantasia" (K.608) and the "Thamos, King of Egypt" music . . .

LOUIS LIVINGSTON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two facts seem to be involved: An error was made in the Schwann catalogue, as Mr. Livingston declares later in his letter; and the Fekete performances were issued on the "Etude" label by permission of and arrangement with Remington, which made the performances in the first place. Here, then, we have still another variant on the theme of tape recording; a conductor who makes a recording without knowing on what label it is going to be issued!*

Waifs?

SIR: Almost ever since the advent of LP I have been looking and waiting for Copland's "Appalachian Spring." You say RCA issued it and it went unbought ("Waifs of LP"). No wonder! No Schwann catalogue has listed it and RCA's catalogue does not list it.

ROBERT WINANS.

Mill Valley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference to "Appalachian Spring" was in a general consideration of the sales history of contemporary works, both 78 and LP. RCA has not issued it in LP form, and doubts that it will in the near future.*

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